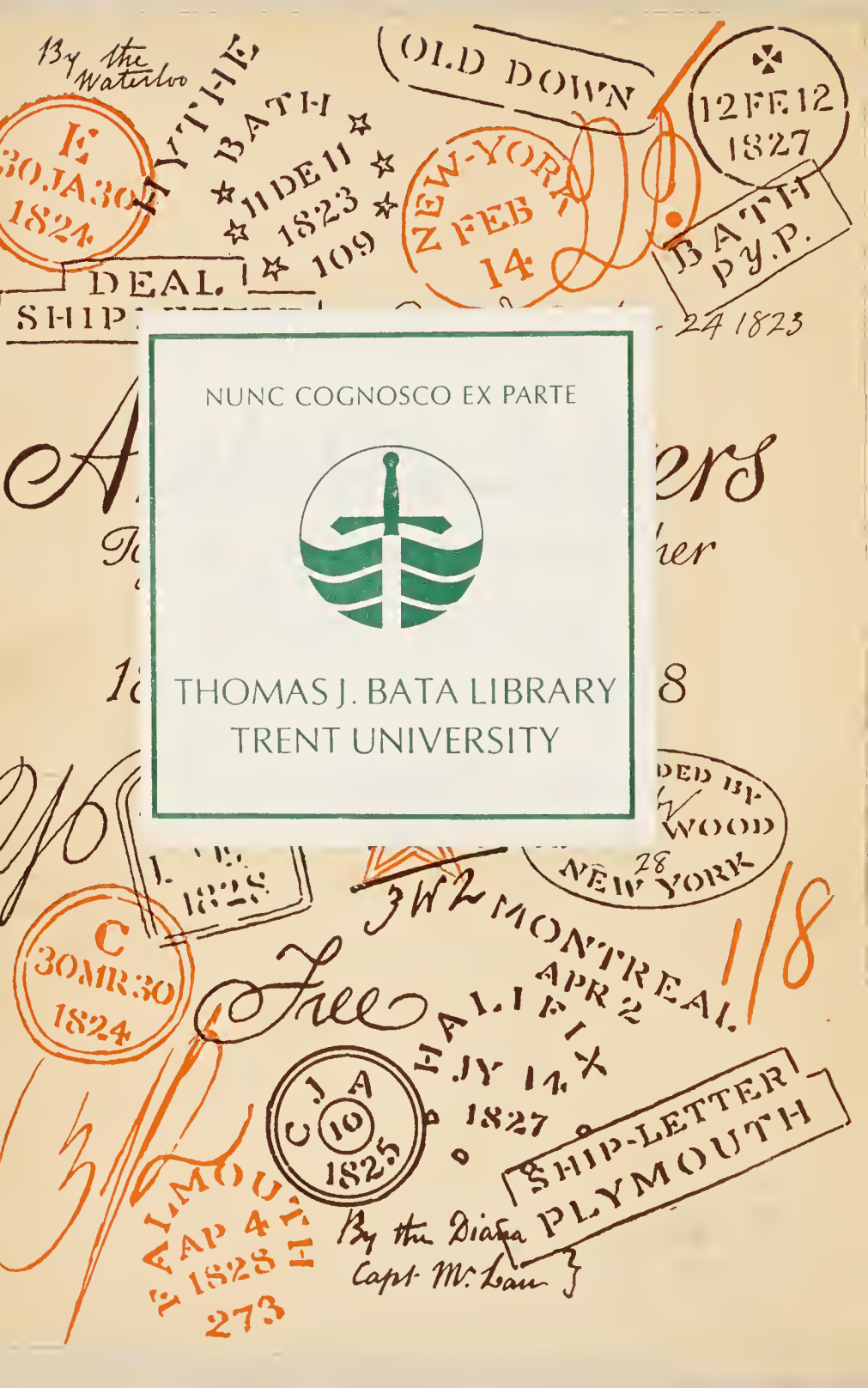
ARABELLA'S LETTERS

TOGETHER WITH

THE CONTENTS OF HER SMALL DIARY

1823 - 1828

ARABELLA M. STUART


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AN EPILOGUE

Once upon a time in the Library of an old house stood a large metal box which during the Master's lifetime remained unopened and little thought of. As a family we were reserved, and to ask questions was to display ill-bred curiosity and might have been resented, so few comments were made. When his time came and the burden of many years was lifted, my father's earthly possessions passed to the hands of a younger generation. - A scattered family. - For only a few weeks we gathered for the last time beneath the roof which had been so long our rallying point. Those who have experienced the breaking up of a home will understand what these days stood for, and among other details the old tin box could not be overlooked. It contained ancient papers that might be called family history, and a few bundles of old letters.

The masculine member of the family was not interested, but each of the sisters claimed the privilege of taking something as a remembrance. One chose a letter full of congratulation because of the expected advent of the life that had just passed on at the end of more than fourscore years, and between its folds a tiny cap worked for this baby. Another

a booklet made up of sketches of the town and surrounding country, dating back a century. Blindly I made my choice - a package of letters. They were a hundred years old, and I being sentimental, the idea of caring for them made its appeal. Home they went with me and for many months remained unopened. Then came a quiet Sunday, with time to spare, and a dear daughter urged we should try to decipher them. A little difficult! The long S, - lines crossed, - faded ink! The magnifying glass proved a boon, for the most had been made of every inch of paper, and the writing was very fine and delicate. But a new world opened itself before us as we read of the experiences of a young girl who wrote of her travels, covering thousands of miles, a hundred years ago.

"Make a book about it." said the daughter.

"I know nothing of the making of books." said I.

"You can try." my child insisted.

The order was pre-emptory and - I tried!

One of "Arabella's" Granddaughters

Lieutenant Governor of Quebec -

ARABELLA'S LETTERS

Together with the Contents of her Small Diary

1823-1828

ARABELLA'S LETTERS

Together with the Contents of her Small Diary
1823–1828. *Arabella M. Stuart*

TORONTO
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY
LIMITED

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Printed in Great Britain

The Blushing Rose breathes love for you,
The Pansy thoughts,—Forget-me-not speaks true.
The Lily White means pure delight,
The Modest Violet hides from sight,
But oh, beware the Primrose Fair,
Inconstancy it doth declare.

—From an old Sampler.

354425

To many the joy is granted of welcoming a child to this world—they watch it develop until it fairly outgrows the parents, who begin to realize they must take a secondary place, and pass on perhaps, before this life for which they are responsible reaches its zenith, so they can never hope to know the end of its story, the beginning of which was the very soul of their existence. But when the gift is a young Grandmother, how different! There *is* an end to her story far and beyond what this book tells, for I know she lived to a good old age—though, alas! her life ended before mine began. How can I describe the delight of discovering her letters and learning her young experiences and romance. It has taken time and patience to decipher the delicate, faded old-fashioned writing, with lines crossed and often recrossed in a manner made quite unnecessary now, when a Postal Service exists undreamed of a century ago—but the task has brought its own reward, for all contained therein was news indeed and a genuine

surprise. A new relative was found! One full of Youth and Hope and Love!

When "Arabella" trips afar to-day, she takes a brief residence within a Mansion of Miracles which floats over the seas and seems to play therein, like that great leviathan of old. 'Tis more than likely she dances her way from shore to shore, with brief interludes devoted to other alluring pastimes, and the consumption of delicacies which only a cold storage plant can produce. Her cabin is adorned with hot-house flowers, sweet music falls upon her ear, and occasional Marconis come or go to announce "All's well." In a week or less, this joyful experience being over, she begins another—speeding from point to point with Electricity and Steam at beck and call, with never a moment's anxiety for "the old folks at home," for no event of importance can take place but she will be informed upon the instant. She can have no conception of the conditions under which her great-grandparents existed. Without wireless or cable; without telegraph or telephone; a mail bag depending so greatly upon courtesy—one shudders to contemplate the inevitable misunderstandings

that must have occurred. The stage-coach as the fastest mode of land travel, and such ships in which to venture upon the Great Seas as now would cause the stoutest heart to falter! Still, being in blissful ignorance of anything better, they accepted it all most prosaically, doubtless considering themselves fortunate in belonging to so enlightened a generation.

My Arabella journeyed abroad a hundred years ago, and a pleasant voyage did she have when her adventures began. Only a month to cross the Atlantic, and such a Captain! One who in fair weather could be a delightful companion, but when the wind became a gale, and the waves mountains, and his tiny craft was like to go under, for two days and nights he never leaves the deck. As the storm abates his first thought is for his terrified passengers, and he hastens below, himself to light a fire in their cabin that they may dry their drenched garments. I hope he has descendants who may recognize the name and feel a thrill of pride if they read of him. Woe it is that to journey from Greenock to Liverpool billowing sails must be exchanged for that new invention, a Steam Boat. But this misery is soon over

and next comes a gallop to London Town, where old-fashioned hospitality is awaiting—also fog, rain, and an occasional ray of sunshine—the same old London. How grand and terrifying to be received by Royalty, and to contemplate a vision of Majesty! As to-day, shopping was part of the programme, and little doubt but Grandma was a spendthrift, but when she did squander her last penny, a fresh instalment would always come, even though it should be in the form of that mysterious £1 Bristol note, which would not pass in London though its frailty was as yet unknown in Bath! And what joy she took in spending—the choosing of the gifts to be sent home, all in the latest fashion. Did not this more than compensate for the outrageous overcharging of that perfidious Modiste?

When London becomes an old story, a visit to the country is arranged—the youthful guests, inexperienced and ambitious, find stability, encouragement, and a promised haven if need should arise, in the old mansion to which they go—its Master as truly a type of traditional England as they of her young and dependent Colonies. And here it is we can begin to

spell Life with a capital L—for Love comes and lays itself upon it. The return drive to London must surely have been long and dreary, though unselfishness is a salve for many a heart-ache, as is activity and excitement.

Good news now to read of another delightful passage, and his young wife and the babies reach the arms of Great-uncle James. They were wafted across the Pond by warm and gentle breezes, and, after this blessing, who would make much of four days in the Channel at the mercy of a hurricane? Even though nearly aground on the Scilly Banks, almost run down by a Brig, and finally cast ashore in consequence of the ship's cables parting! It was an art to meet a boat in those days—she might make any port, and one must of necessity possess superhuman intelligence to divine which it would be.

Now comes travel in foreign lands and much is learned, particularly the wisdom of making friends. The years in Malta introduce more interesting personages, and many are the hours I have spent deep in biographies seeking further information of the names mentioned in those old letters—from Earl Bathurst to the Duke

of Wellington. Here I read of the ever-revered Marquis of Hastings; General Woodford and his increasing family—like steps one can see the children, and one feels his pride in them; but history tells of future events, and there it is written that the eldest, in his strong young manhood, is killed in battle in India, and the fine old father places in Westminster Abbey a window in memory of his beloved first-born, seeking the consolation he will never find, one knows that, for it is not a law of nature for the child to go before the parent. Mr. Huskisson, who appears much in the light of an evil genius, met the violent death which is usually considered the just due of the villain in fiction. Hard as he was, evidently his Banshee was IRON—for he came in contact with the Iron Duke, which finished him politically as our story tells, and a few years later he stood in the way of a locomotive, which presumably was no more yielding than his political conqueror, for its iron wheels crushed out his life. But the future does not always bring tragedy, and it is pleasant now to know Captain Stopford made no mistake in running the "risques" he did for his

"dear Winny." Behold, turn to Burke's *Peerage*—"*Sir* Montague Stopford, 4th son of 3rd Earl of Courtoun; *Admiral*; *K.C.B.*; married Wynnifred Whitmore," etc. Here the course of true love could not have been rough.

The letter from the great City of New York makes its claim to attention. A book is found describing social life in New England before the Revolution, and here it is told Mr. Thomas Amory married Miss Betty Coffin in 1764—when old Mr. Coffin entertained a great company at a great dance. The ties of blood will tell, though the years have brought war and discord, and brothers have parted to serve under different flags; now it is Peace, and the British Officer and his daughter travel through the once rebel country, carrying letters of introduction from General Coffin, of His Majesty's forces, to the Amorys of Boston. Letters evidently accepted with delight and resulting in a bestowal of all possible courtesy.

Arabella leads her tranquil life, outwardly calm and ready to enter into the interests of her social circle, inwardly torn by the hopes and fears for which Love is responsible. True

to her word, but watching and waiting for letters in the well-beloved's handwriting, and the acme of happiness for her is realized when the good ship casts anchor, carrying the longed-for missive. Could any girl to-day with her arms laden with the choicest blossoms know greater bliss than she with her pressed and faded flowers between two squares of pasteboard?

When castles fall—as they sometimes will in real life—boxes are packed and back to England sails my young relative with her brother and his wife—all of them troubled and anxious. Disappointment follows disappointment, and then, as in a fairy-tale, comes the unexpected, and happiness is found. But with it I sigh, for I must read the last lines in the now familiar writing.

A. G.

"Arabella's" Granddaughter

Mary E. Domville

Parcel No. 1

Which shews how intensely interesting a Genteel and Superior Spot, commonly known as "Home," can be to a young Lady, who has just been blown across the Ocean from an uncivilized Country called America, here considered inhabited mostly by Red Indians.

GREENOCK, SCOTLAND,
June 17th, 1823.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We arrived here on Saturday the 14th, having had upon the whole a most delightful voyage, and I assure you I now have quite a different idea of the sea from what I had when I left Quebec. The time passed astonishingly fast, and I can scarcely realize that more than four weeks have passed and I am in the "Land o' Cakes." We received every kindness from Captain Longbottom and Mr. Beverley, his Mate, and had not a wish but what was gratified. Indeed I never can forget their attention, they were more like brothers to us than anything else. If the Captain takes his wife out with him, I hope you will have it in your power to pay her some attention, if it is only to spend an evening with you. Pray do, for the sake of her husband, he is truly deserving. Many an hour I have paced the deck with him, and for the first week, when I was too weak to make the exertion, he used to sit by me on the deck and amuse me by talking of my brother John, for whom I assure you he has the highest regard.

On the Tuesday and Wednesday after I sailed, I was confined to my berth, but for a fortnight after that I only felt sick twice a day, with the exertion of dressing and undressing. On the 6th and 7th I was sick owing to a severe gale. The storm commenced at twelve o'clock and continued for eight and forty hours, and I assure you at one time I did not think it possible we would ride it out. A sea broke over the stern which carried away the jolly boat and came pounding into the cabin, through the skylight, over Frances and myself. Miss Price, fortunately, was sitting at the other side. It took away my breath for the instant, but as soon as I recovered my astonishment I turned myself round, for I was very much afraid poor Frances' legs would be broken between a box and trunk which were floating about; but I am happy to say my fears were groundless. She was remarkably well the whole Passage, and latterly walked on the deck without assistance. The first night after the storm we were all so ill that we could not change our clothes, notwithstanding we were completely drenched through, but did not take the least cold. As soon as the wind abated so

that the Captain could leave the deck with safety, he came into the Cabin and assisted in making a fire, and we then laid down before it, and before morning our clothes were perfectly dry. Several small waves broke over during the night, and I am sure it would have been a most amusing sight to an unconcerned spectator to have seen us creeping from one side of the Cabin to the other on hands and feet to avoid them. For two days after, we only sailed at the rate of two and a half knots an hour, but still the wind was fair, which it was from the time we left Quebec until we came to the entrance of the Clyde.

We made Inishtrahull on the 13th, having passed Tory Island in the fog. After that we scarcely lost sight of land. We saw Rathlin —an island on the Irish coast—the Mull of Cantire, Sanda Island, and the Craig of Ailsa, or the Patch of the Clyde, which I took a sketch of. It is an immense rock of 1,164 feet in height, and there is an old Castle on it and a little Cottage which we did not see, but I am told there is a man lives there, who pays a hundred a year for the sake of the birds with which it is covered. One of the steamboats

in passing it the other day, fired a gun, and I heard a person say that they rose in such numbers as to darken the air. Beyond the Craig appears a part of Ayrshire. We next saw Plada Island which has a lighthouse. It is quite close to the Isle of Arran, on which are the ruins of Kilbrennan Castle. The Eastern part of the island has exactly the appearance of a storm at sea.

Just off the Cambrays on Saturday at ten o'clock, we fell in with the *Majestic* steamboat —Captain Owen, from Liverpool—and as the Pilot, who came on board of us at two o'clock in the morning, said that if the wind did not increase we might not get in for a day or two, Captain Longbottom advised our going on board the boat, which we did, and were much delighted with the sail up the Clyde. The scenery is beautiful, and far surpassed my expectation. There are several Gentlemen's Seats on the banks which are very prettily situated. We regretted that we had to leave the *Janet*, as Captain L. would have taken great pains in pointing out anything worthy of notice. As it happened we might as well have remained on board as she arrived at

four o'clock, about three hours and a half after us.

Captain Owen was particularly attentive to us and has continued to be so. He brought us on shore to the Tontine Inn, and called in the evening to say that if we wished to go to Church the next day he would feel happy to give us a seat in his Pew. We accepted of his offer and heard a very good sermon, but what surprised me very much was that they *sit* during the singing. After service we went on board the *Janet* and brought Captain L. to dine with us at the Tontine. In the afternoon we walked with him, Captain Owen, and Captain Hamm of the *Louisa* (who called in the morning, and I assure you that although I had only seen him twice before, I felt as if he was an old acquaintance), to the extremity of the town, and then got into the boat which Captain L. had sent to be in readiness, and sailed across to the Duke of Argyll's House. We walked through it, but it is quite in an unfinished state. The chairs are the only things worth seeing—the bottoms and backs are covered with tapestry and the frames are gilded. We saw two of the Deer in the Park,

but had not time to walk through the grounds ; at the distance we saw them the stables appeared to be very handsome. His finest estate, the Housekeeper told us, is at Inverary, about five and twenty miles from this.

Yesterday James, Captain O. and Captain H. and myself went to Loch Lomond. Miss Price would not deign to accompany us. We went in a steamboat to Dumbarton, which took us an hour, breakfasted, and went in the coach to the Loch. On our way we passed through Benton in which is erected a Monument to Smollett, which is of white marble about thirty feet high. We also saw the house which was built on the old foundation of the one he was born in. Near the Monument is Tullichewan Castle, by far the handsomest of any we have met with. We went five and twenty miles up the Loch in a steamboat, but I did not admire the scenery. There are four and twenty Islands. The largest belongs to the Duke of Montrose on which he has upwards of three hundred Deer, and there is another to which all the *Sots* in Scotland are banished. There are two houses on it. When we reached the foot of the mountain we landed

and *scrambled* up to the entrance of Rob Roy's Cave. I did not venture in, but some of the Gentlemen did and brought away a stone of which I have a piece. They also went into another cave of Rob's which was discovered about three years ago. We then returned to Dumbarton and went to the top of the Castle. I ascended it in two different places and I assure you that when I had mounted upwards of five hundred steps I felt almost exhausted. I was on the top of Wallace's Castle, saw his sword which is five feet long, pulled a Thistle, and then came down. The view from the top is very extensive.

At Dumbarton, after we had taken tea, the landlady insisted upon our taking a *Laced Cup*, which is a glass of whiskey and a cup filled up with tea and milk and sweetened! I did all I could to get off, but in vain. I did make out to leave half, but had to make an apology as in Scotland they feel offended if you do not conform to this custom. From Dumbarton we crossed in a boat, took a coach and came through Port Glasgow, a distance of eight miles, and reached the Tontine about eleven o'clock.

Tell Margaret, though I was full of sympathy for her when she sprained her ankle, and I, at the last moment was forced to take her place and act the part of Chaperon to Miss Price and Frances, many times since I have envied her. It seemed as if the further we got from America the more dictatorial and disagreeable Amelia became, notwithstanding the eagerness with which she had implored me to accompany her. I can hear you plead her youth as an excuse, but she is only a few weeks younger than myself, and I will be twenty in September! I cannot believe if our positions were reversed, and I the orphaned daughter of the wealthy, powerful and Honourable Mr. Price, and she one of the family left by a poor British Officer —I could assume towards her the arrogant manner she now considers my due.

You will remember, after their father's death, when it was decided our brother James, being their lawyer, must escort the heiresses home to England, and it was deemed necessary a female companion also be of the party, how shocked my sisters and I were at the suggestion one of us should give our services *for money*! The final argument that overcame our sense of

pride was the information that the Ladies in attendance in the Royal Household accepted the cost of their living and remuneration as well. My heart aches for the poor Ladies-in-waiting if Queens and Princesses possess natures at all resembling Amelia's. If she had but inherited her father's amiable disposition as well as his lack of handsome features! Little Frances is very different, but I will rejoice when we have placed them safely with their Guardians.

I hope, my dear Mother, you are not so tired of reading this as I am of writing. I did not get to bed until one o'clock and I have been up since half-past five, for I thought if I neglected to write this morning I should not be able to tell you of half I had seen, as we leave this at twelve to-morrow in the *Majestic* for Liverpool. I shall send this by Captain Longbottom who expects to sail on the 25th. I wish you would ask Margaret to take care of my letters as I shall like to refer to them, and I hope most sincerely that her ankle is better and that you are all quite well. Tell Elizabeth that James is well. He was very sick the day after the storm, so much that he

could not get up. We did not neglect to drink the baby boy's health on the day he was a month old. Good-bye my dear mother, I will not forget your desire I should write and tell my Uncle Andrew we are in England. Give my most affectionate love to my dear sisters and brothers, and believe me, your affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

You would be quite amused to see the children here eating porridge and barley *scons* every morning. I suppose you will laugh, but it is quite customary all over Scotland for *Gentlemen's Bairns* to get porridge for their Breakfast and Supper! A. M. S.

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LIVERPOOL,
June 19th, 1823,
7 *o'clock p.m.*

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—I have only five minutes to spare to inform you of our arrival at this place, which we accomplished precisely at four o'clock, having left Greenock at noon yesterday. We came in the *Majestic*

steamboat and I did not like the motion at all. It is much more disagreeable than crossing the Atlantic in the *Janet*, as we not only had the jarring of the machinery, but she rolled and pitched tremendously the whole night, as the wind was against us. I did not undress, but at eleven laid down on the sopha in the Ladies' Cabin and slept until four this morning, when I was called to look at the Isle of Man, as the boat stopt to take in passengers. The Duke of Athol's house is a fine building situated on the beach, but according to my taste would look much better higher up with some trees round it.

We are at the Talbot Hotel nearly opposite the Exchange. To-morrow, if James has time, we are going through it, also to the Blind Asylum. I hope he may, otherwise we shall not see it as Captain Owen leaves this at nine for Greenock, and we have not seen any person that we know. James has taken seats in the Coach for London and we are to take our departure at three o'clock. . . .

When I had written this far Captain Owen called and took us to the new Market House. It is three times as long as the one we have at home. In it is to be met with all kinds of

things such as fish, flesh, fruit and vegetables, and each person has a stall with a sign over it. I hope my brothers will not laugh at this description as I write it for the information of my sisters. I wrote by Captain Longbottom, and shall send this by the return of the boat to go by Captain Hamm. I gave him (Captain Longbottom) some heather to carry to you, tho' 'twas not in bloom, and James gave him a *Stuart* plaid for a dress for his little Nancy, and left directions with a milliner to make a handsome Scotch Bonnet for her, which he was kind enough to say he would take charge of. While we were out Miss Price purchased a doll dressed in the Scotch costume, the form of the neck and shoulders is exactly like Nancy's. I can just fancy I see the dear little thing.

Tell my dear mother not to alter the drapery of her bed curtains until I come home.

In Greenock I went to the Glass and Bottle Works and it is wonderful with what expedition they work. Three persons make a wine glass, and five make eight dozen bottles in an hour. The latter are made of two simple ingredients, which are the dregs from the soap boilers and sand.

I cannot write more as it is past eleven and we must rest ourselves, for we are to travel the whole of to-morrow night and we shall be in London at six the next day. Your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

20*th*,—All's well. Captain Longbottom has a letter for Elizabeth from James.

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LONDON,
July 1*st*, 1823.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We arrived here on the 21st having accomplished a journey of 216 miles in thirty hours, but were disappointed that we did not run it in four and twenty, as we were told at Liverpool that we should reach London at six o'clock, instead of which it was ten. Of course the last four hours appeared very long. James took a seat for me in the inside of the Coach, but I had such a dread of sickness that I gave it up and travelled all night on the outside, and it was much pleasanter as it gave me an opportunity of seeing a beautiful country. At Worrington Miss Price

persuaded me that it would not be genteel to ride on the outside in coming into this little world, and I was goose enough to attend to her! I assure you I heartily repented of my folly. I was not sick, but the dust was so intolerable that I could scarcely breathe, and I not only had to put up with this inconvenience, but was prevented from seeing many little towns and villages which we passed through. Oxford in particular I should have liked to have seen. I was speaking to her uncle of it the other day and he asked why I did not prefer my first seat. As I gave the reason, Mr. Price laughed and said it was just like Amelia's folly, which is always leading herself and friends into scrapes.

For the two first days after we arrived we rode over half of London to enquire for Miss Price's friends, for she forgot their address, and sometimes, after asking at one place, she would recollect that they lived at another part of the town, and away we had to go, two, three and sometimes four miles in another direction!

One day James and myself had a most hearty laugh, for Miss P. was very anxious to see Mr. Kennedy who is one of her Guardians,

and James walked two miles to enquire for him, but without success. We then took a Hack and went to No. 7 *Park* Lane which is no short distance from our lodgings in Norfolk Street, Strand, and when we got there found that the *house had been taken down*! Upon enquiring for him were told that he lived at the Regent's *Park* about four miles distant! We fortunately reached his house just as he was leaving it to go to the House of Parliament. Miss P. told him she was resolved not to go to her Uncle, and he advised, as she so strongly wished it, that we should go with her the next day to Blyth Court the residence of his father, which we did and had a most delightful ride of twenty miles into the country. Sir David and Lady Kennedy were from home, but were expected back in the evening. As Mr. Kennedy went with us, we left Miss P. and Frances with one of his sisters upon condition that if, when her uncle came to town, he should wish her to return she would do it upon our going out for her.

Mr. Price arrived the next day and, poor man, was very much disappointed at not meeting them, but much approved of the steps

James had taken. He is quite different from what Miss P. represented him, and seems to wish to do everything for her happiness. She is, I am sure, very ungrateful, for I have heard the opinion of several people and they all agree that she was treated with the greatest affection in his family, and that her cousins devoted their lives to her comfort. When Mr. Price heard of her determination he was almost panic struck, and said he could not account for it, but that if she would not come to him from affection he should not insist, nor even *wish* her to live in his house, as he was convinced from knowing her disposition that she would make his home miserable. He says there is not a thing he would not do for their happiness out of affection for his dear brother, and is very much mystified at meeting with such treatment. He trys to smother his feelings, but I can see that it almost breaks his heart! He reminds me very much of his brother, and has all that kindness and gentleness of manner which was so pleasing in him. He has treated me with the greatest attention, and often says he cannot be grateful enough to us for the sacrifices we have made in leaving all our friends and

accompanying his nieces on so perilous a voyage, and that he feels hurt that Amelia should have left me without a female acquaintance in a strange place. I told him that I could not be so selfish as to wish her to remain with me when she was so near her old friends, but he said there was no excuse for her, and that she ought to have known better.

Next Thursday I am to go to Chelsworth with Mr. Price to remain a week and to-morrow we are going with a pleasant party (which Mr. Price has formed though he does not go himself) to Greenwich and Woolwich.

James heard from Elizabeth's uncle, Sir William Seymour, on Thursday, and he has given us an invitation to Bath, which I think we shall accept if we have time. I have also an invitation to spend a few days at Sir David Kennedy's and another to the house of my brother John's old tutor, Mr. Scholey. I am sure you will excuse the concise manner in which I am finishing my letter, as we are going to the Opera this evening, after which I have a little trunk to pack to take with me to Mr. Price's.

Tell my sisters there is nothing new in the

fashions as far as I can see—the Ladies wear long waists and flounces by the dozen put on in all kinds of shapes. Cottage Bonnets *are out*, and I think the one Emily had last summer is nearer to the shape worn than anything I know of. Give my love to my dear brother John and say that I wish him many happy returns of the day. I saw his taylor this morning and gave him a good lecture. He says he is sorry his clothes did not please, but is sure he will not have any fault to find with those he sent out last Spring.

I went to Drury Lane last Thursday and saw Kean in *Alexander the Great* and heard Miss Stephens sing.[1] Oh! the ecstasy with which I listened to "Auld Robin Gray," and "My Luve's like a red, red Rose," but when she sang "Angels ever bright and fair," it seemed as if I were wafted to Paradise!

I have been at the Exhibition at Somerset House, at the Bazaar, and as high as the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's. I was very

[1] Miss Stephens was then England's prima donna, and considered to have the sweetest soprano voice of her time. She was a great success in opera, and, as a ballad singer, unequalled. Later married to the Earl of Essex.

much disappointed on my arrival to find that the anniversary meeting of the children at St. Paul's took place the week before we arrived. If I have time I will write when I come home. In the meantime I must conclude. For fear of accidents give my love to all, and tell my dear Margaret that I hope her ankle continues to mend. Believe me, your affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

July 2nd,—I went to the Opera last evening and was more pleased with it than anything I have seen. The House is fitted up in a most elegant manner and as to the *Chandelier*, (is this right?) it is superb! There was a great *shew* of the Nobility, but I never was more disappointed in the appearance of anything than I am of the English Ladies. They are not only ugly, but have such unmeaning faces that really sometimes I can scarcely refrain from putting my risible faculties in motion. Good-bye,

A. M. S.

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LONDON,
July 28th, 1823.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—James has just heard at the office of Bainbridge and Brown that there is a vessel to sail this week from Liverpool for Quebec, and as I have a great deal to communicate to you, I think it better to embrace the opportunity. James is at present quite undetermined whether he shall return to Quebec in September, or remain here until the Spring, but this week will decide it. He has the offer of a situation in Malta, high under Government, worth a thousand a year, but has not yet given an answer. Should he remain in England this Winter, he intends sending for Elizabeth and has already written that he wishes her to make preparations for coming, but not to take a passage until she hears from him—which he hopes will be by the August Packet. You must miss her and the bairns. I suppose she started on her journey to Halifax with her parents as planned, on July 9th. I am not surprised to hear of the pleasure you found in renewing the acquaintance of Colonel and Mrs. Seymour, and no doubt you thought their visit to Quebec all too brief.

James has strong reasons for wishing to remain here. One is that he can be called to the Bar in the Autumn, another that he may be on the spot in case any vacancy should occur, as Earl Bathurst[1] is inclined to serve him, and he will be able to quicken his memory occasionally, and a third that he thinks it would be pleasant for Elizabeth to come over for a few months to see the Lions of London.

Our time is passing delightfully. We are acquainted with six or seven families who have been very kind and attentive. When I last wrote, which was by the July Packet, I mentioned that I was going to Chelsworth in Suffolk to spend a few days with Mr. Price's family, but believed at that time Amelia had made up her mind not to go with us. Her Uncle wrote to her at Sir David Kennedy's very coolly giving her the choice of four or five families where she might reside, but felt so much hurt by her conduct that he did not ask her to his own house, but insisted upon having the care of her sister. When little Frances heard that they were to be separated she cryed so much that Amelia consented to go with her,

[1] Secretary for the Colonies, 1812–1827.

and I assure you that on our return from Greenwich and Woolwich, we were never more surprised than when we found her at the lodgings, and heard that she was coming with us. I spent ten days there very pleasantly. As to Frances she is quite delighted and says she hopes she shall live there these ten years. Amelia is to remain until her Guardians find out some suitable residence for her, which they hope to do soon, as she makes herself so disagreeable at her Uncle's that they have no peace or comfort. I wish you would not mention this, as perhaps some of her correspondents may write it back, and then I shall get into a scrape.

We have only dined twice at home since I returned from Chelsworth. Several times we have been entertained by Mr. Brunel[1] (the Gentleman who invented the block machine at Portsmouth), and yesterday by Chief Justice Leonard.

The Parliament was prorogued on the 19th. Mr. Price had engaged tickets for us, but to our great disappointment the King did not

[1] Afterwards Sir Isambard Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel.

attend, consequently we did not honour the House of Peers with our presence on that day, but have since walked through it, and saw the Throne which is of Crimson velvet studded with pearls and precious stones.

On Saturday we went with Mr. Price to Kensington and had the honour of an introduction with the Duchess of Kent. She is a very fine looking woman, is pleasing and affable in her manners, and has a very sweet countenance. I had also the honour of shaking hands with the little Princess. Mr. Price wrote to the Duchess to say that we were in Town, at the same time mentioning that the late Duke was a friend to our father who had served under him both at Gibraltar and Quebec. I saw the answer from one of the Gentlemen in Attendance, in which he says " Her Royal Highness will be most happy to see Mr. and Miss Stuart at two o'clock." The little Princess was quite shy and we had been told her nurse had been much alarmed on hearing visitors from America were expected, and had begged with tears that her Royal charge be not allowed to run the risque of an encounter with *Savage* Indians who would wear Wampum

and Moccasins and turn in their toes when they walked!

I have not time to write more as James says the letter bag will be closed. With love believe me, my dear mother, your affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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LONDON,

Sunday, August 3rd, 1823.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—I wrote to my mother on Monday or Tuesday to say that we should in all probability remain here until the Spring, as James finds that the only way to get anything done for him will be by constantly *dinning* in his *Lordship's* ears. He wrote to Elizabeth on Friday to urge her coming home, as he cannot enjoy anything without her, and at the same time feeling assured that it will be a pleasant change and a great advantage to her to spend the Winter in London. As to myself —I was for a long time undecided, but upon weighing and considering all things, I have at length determined to stay, as I thought my mother would not wish me to undertake so

long a voyage without James. I hope I have done right, but I assure you it has cost me many an anxious hour, as I cannot bear to think of not seeing you before May, for altho' the months fly away very pleasantly, still the idea that I *cannot get home* will make them appear long.

This is the first Sunday we have spent at home, and believe me it is quite a treat, for what with going here, and there, and everywhere, I have scarcely had time to breathe. For a wonder we have no invitation out to dinner, and as the rain is coming down in torrents, it was impossible for us to go to church, as there is not one within three quarters of a mile.

We last evening moved to 122 Sloane Street, which is not far from Hans Place and nearly opposite Cadogan Place. It is a pleasant situation, but too far out of Town. On Friday we walked a mile beyond this looking for lodgings in hopes to get them more reasonably, but without success, and when we returned to Norfolk Street felt most heartily tired, having walked no less than ten miles! We have a sitting room and two bed rooms

for which we are to pay 35*s.* per week, and find ourselves in eatables, bed, and table linen. In Norfolk Street the lodgings were two guineas and a half. Mr. Price paid all our expenses while there and has allowed us £14 for the next fortnight. He has been very liberal towards us. He made a payment of £20 to James and £30 to me *without being asked*, and said he wished he had the power to double it! He has not only done this, but everything else to make my time pass pleasantly.

By remaining here I hope to have a peep at Majesty when the Parliament opens. Mr. P. went with us to Kensington Palace and as I told you in a former letter, introduced us to the Duchess of Kent. He afterward, while we were looking at the paintings in the uninhabited part of the Palace, waited on the Duke of Sussex and told him that I wished to see the British Gallery, and what do you think of the Duke's promising to make enquiries, and if it was not shut to send tickets to us! As they have not been sent I take it for granted it is closed, indeed I am almost sure of it, as Mr. Kennedy, M.P., sent tickets to us for June 30th which he said would be the last evening it

would be open for the season, but unfortunately we dined at Chelsea and did not get them till the next morning. Mr. Kennedy was so anxious that we should get them in time that he directed his servant not to leave them at the lodgings if we were from home, but to take them to Chelsea where he knew we were to dine. He did so, but as we had a long walk of nearly five miles, we left there at half past eight, and the tickets reached there about a quarter of an hour after.

For fear that I should forget it I wish, if there are any friends leaving for England, you will send my new muslin dress and the one trimmed with blue, and my purple silk, also my Amber Necklace. James is writing to Elizabeth to bring as many dresses as she can, as she will find them very useful until more are made. I have been obliged to wear a blue silk which I had made with a high and low waist, as I did not know until a few days since that I should have anything to spend, but the five and twenty pounds my brother John gave me. James has been so kind as to say that I shall have the £20 that was paid to him by Mr. Price, which will enable me to get some

useful and ornamental things for all at home. I cannot get as many as I would wish, as I shall have many wants by remaining in London which I should not in Quebec, but ultimately you will all benefit as I shall be able to divide when I return. Goods of all kinds are lower priced and much better than any imported to Canada. I yesterday made what I call a very great bargain. I purchased a beautiful crimson scarf two yards long and one wide for 40*s*. which in your part of the world would have been four or five guineas, also a Braganza Shawl for my mother for 8*s*. 6*d*.

You will, my dear Margaret, judge by the blots that it is high time I had stopped for this day, but to tell you the truth I am writing to wile away the time till dinner, for in this City of Cities we cannot possibly think of sitting down before *five o'clock*, and unfortunately ever since the week before I arrived in Greenock, I have had a most unconscionable appetite.

Tell my mother she need not be at all uneasy about Elizabeth and the children on the voyage, as they will find the days pass very fast, and we shall, I hope, all return home with the *Spring fashions*.

You beg me to give you particular descriptions of what I see that you may imagine that you see and hear too. At present you must excuse me, for I have seen such a variety in a short time that my brain is all in confusion, but as soon as I come to my sober senses you shall hear all about it. The Beef-Steaks have made their appearance, which induces me to stop writing until to-morrow when I shall again *resume the pen.*

August 4th,—To-morrow has arrived, but brought with it a determination to conclude this epistle and take it to Bainbridge and Brown's to be forwarded. Now for another walk of ten miles! I shall not seal this, that, if there is not an opportunity of sending it, I may bring it back and cross the other two sides to make it look uniform. Believe me, my dear Margaret, your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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To Dr. John Stuart, Quebec.

LONDON,
August 8th, 1823.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am induced to write you a few lines, more for the sake of not

letting the Packet sail without a letter, than from having anything of consequence to communicate, for this will be the third letter I have written home in about ten days, besides one to my Uncle in Ireland. You will I am sure be much surprised to hear that we are to remain the Winter in England, as James finds that unless he continues on the spot *nothing will be done for him.* Lord Bathurst has gone to his Country Seat and will probably not return for two or three months, therefore business is at a *stand still* for the present. James has written to Elizabeth to come home by the first safe opportunity, if she can without endangering the health of herself and the children, but not to run any risque. I have not heard from home since June 12th which makes me feel very anxious, as now that I know I shall not see you for so many months, it appears as if the distance between us was three times as great as it did when I thought of returning in September.

I hope Elizabeth can get some oranges and apples, syder and lime juice to bring to sea with her as she will find acids more grateful than sweets. For my part I wonder that I

am not as sour as a crab for I almoſt lived upon acids for the firſt three weeks, but the latter part of the voyage I was not so *delicate* (as I presume Captain Longbottom has told you), for I ate *smoked ham and hung beef* fryed with sliced potatoes, twice, and sometimes thrice in a day. While the fresh meat laſted I could not eat it. We found our rusked bread excellent. It is an article all families going to sea should be well provided with. I used to toaſt it and then dip it in boiling water and butter it, after the milk gave out. As Elizabeth is not sick at sea she need not dread the voyage at all. For the laſt six days I was on board I enjoyed myself so much that I regretted being so near the shore.

Mr. Price has introduced us to some very pleasant families where we have dined several times. We have been offered Tickets for the British Opera House in the Strand as often as we may wish to go, and went one evening to see a new piece called *Presumption*, taken from the book of *Frankenſtein*. It met with a little opposition at firſt, but only a little, for it has been performed every night since, which is nearly a fortnight. On Saturday we went

to the Opera. It was the second time we had been and I must say I should not go again from choice as I enjoy a good play much more, but I suppose if I were to let this escape my lips I should be set down for a *wild Indian*!

Sir William Seymour has written several times to invite us to Bath, though when our stay was uncertain we could not promise ourselves that pleasure—but James had a letter from Captain Seymour this morning and in his mother's name still urging it, so we intend to go down the week after next.

I often imagine I see you going home tired almost to death, but I hope you have plenty of patients to visit and fine weather. We have had rain every day but one since I arrived in London, but it did not continue the whole of the day so that I have had the good luck to see the sun. The first time I made the discovery, I was looking very earnestly at it, when *plump* came a great fish basket against me, which gave me a black and blue spot on my arm, which made such an impression that I have not looked out for it since! I saw by to-day's Paper that there is a bronze monument to be erected in Regent's Park to the memory

of the Duke of Kent, to which Prince Leopold has contributed a hundred Guineas. James says that if I write any more you will publish my letters for the good of the Canadas, therefore I think I had better desist. Adieu, yours affectionately,

ARABELLA.

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A Letter from Mr. Andrew Stanhope.

IRELAND

August 12th, 1823.

MY DEAR NIECE,—Your esteemed favour, dated London, July 25th, I duly received by the Packet. It afforded me sincere pleasure to hear of your safe arrival. The dangers you encountered on your voyage, and the scenery that took place during this period must have afforded you considerable amusement after finding yourself in perfect safety again. Be our situations ever so perilous at one time, when it is all over we cannot help enjoying ourselves at memories of what may have taken place.

I can assure you I have been using every exertion to arrange my affairs here, to enable

me to leave the County with propriety, and take myself to England, there to join yourself and James and see the sights. But I find at this season it will be impossible, therefore, my dear niece, I am sending to you an order on my Agent for ten pounds, and may it bring joy to your heart. I will be much delighted if you will make me a visit, and if it could be arranged when the frost is in the ground, I can promise you some first-rate hunting. The town is gay too—plenty of red coats and balls. The old Manor is but little changed since your mother knew it, and 'twould delight her to think her daughter had become acquainted with the home of her youth.

Remember me kindly to James, who I sincerely hope has obtained the purpose of his voyage, as I think from the little I have seen of him he is fully deserving of any honour they can confer upon him. I suppose by this time you have seen all the *Wonders of the World*—but try to arrange to come and see me before returning to America again. Accept my best love, and believe me to be your affectionate uncle,

ANDREW U. STANHOPE.

LONDON,
August 20th, 1823.

MY DEAR LITTLE BROTHER ANDREW,—As this is the seventh letter I have written home I think it high time that one should be addressed to you. By the *Aurora*, Captain Hallett, I have sent two band boxes containing a bonnet for my mother, a dress and necklace for each of my sisters, some socks for John, a dandy collar for yourself, and *many other articles too tedious to mention*, all of which I hope will arrive safe, and that you may have the pleasure of presenting them as they are directed. I hope all will be pleased with what I have sent, and not think that I have shown any partiality, as I do not feel any, but have purchased what I thought each wanted the most. James has given to the Captain a seal for John, and a gold pin for yourself, which I beg you will accept with my love. They are put up together and directed to my elder brother as it was thought they would be safer in the Captain's possession than in the band boxes.

Pray excuse this laconic epistle as you may know by the writing that I am in a great hurry. We are to dine out to-morrow, and

leave this for Bath the next morning, and I have not begun to pack my trunks. I have not been able to get a glass for the mustard pot, but have spoken to a man to have one made for me.

James thinks it probable Elizabeth will be on her way home before this reaches you. Give my love to all and congratulate Margaret on her release from the chimney corner. You see I take it for granted she walks instead of *hops*. Yours affectionately,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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First Postscript from James Stuart to Dr. John Stuart.

August 21*st.*

MY DEAR JOHN,—I am adding a line to Arabella's letter to tell you I hope my wife and children will be on their passage home to England ere this reaches you. I wrote to Halifax by three different conveyances as soon as I had made up my mind to remain. The August Packet, which sailed the 3rd instant, will probably be the first to arrive. I hear there are several fine ships coming home about

the beginning of October, which is about the best season of the year to cross the Atlantic. Her father will, of course, be able to secure a good vessel for them and the sooner the better.

We dine to-day at six o'clock (which is now very early in London), at Mr. Mascall's—the Collector of the Customs for London. To-morrow we go to Bath to pay the Seymours a visit, and it is uncertain how long we shall remain there. Miss Price is still at her uncle's. The old man is at his wits' end to know what to do with her. We find her character here is quite consistent with that she held in Quebec. I cannot call her a *pearl of great Price*! Arabella is quite well and happy. Your affectionate brother,

JAMES STANHOPE STUART.

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Second Postscript from Arabella to Miss Emily Stuart. 22*nd.*

MY DEAR EMILY,—I shall direct this to John as the boxes and parcel which accompany it are directed to him. The wadding that is used for packing is for your dress. I forgot to mention in my letter to Andrew that the reason

I did not send a bonnet for you, I thought as the one I had last Winter is almost new you would as soon wear it with another trimming.

How can I tell you the delight it has been to make the purchases for the box. Emma Brunel was my escort and took me to the best shops, and then to her mother's dressmaker. The latter is a most imposing Person. When she received us it appeared a condescension, and the look given me when she heard I came from America made me *wither*! I felt myself shrinking into nothing, when Emma like a true friend came to the rescue and caused my recovery by asking me to describe to Miss Sherwood the dress worn by the Duchess of Kent when I paid my respects to her. Oh the effect of those magic words! In one moment I became "Madame," and "What could she do for me"; "Nothing would be a trouble, all other work could wait, and as to prices, especial ones would be made!" So having regained my self-possession I bargained with her, and arranged she should make a bonnet for my mother, and a pink silk dress for Margaret, and one or two dresses for myself—one a plaid silk, the *Stuart* plaid—all in the

latest style. The blue silk goes to you uncut, for I know you can copy Margaret's—and Ann's is a tartan like my own which she will dearly love. One word more. Miss Sherwood is far, far grander than the Duchess of Kent!

We start for Bath immediately. I must away and put on my bonnet as I every moment expect the *Glass Coach*! In haste.

ARABELLA.

PARCEL NO. 2

This proves the gentle joys of Home Life are preferable to Lodgings in London, which contain an Ambitious Young Man, also some hard work, growing anxieties, and much exasperation.

VALEHURST, NEAR OLD DOWN, SOMERSET,
September 2nd, 1823.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Here am I as happy as the day is long. I have spent the last week most delightfully, and Lady Seymour has been kind enough to ask me to remain until Elizabeth arrives, which will probably not be before the beginning of November.

Valehurst is very large, with every comfort heart can wish. It is situated in a valley between Bath and Bristol and the view from the surrounding hills is very fine. I rode out yesterday with James in the Chaise accompanied by Mrs. Nesbitt, and Captain Seymour on horse back. We mounted a high hill from which we had a view of the Welsh Hills nearly fifty miles distant, also of the Bristol Channel, and saw two ships in it, though they did not appear larger than a man's hat.

On Thursday we take a trip to Glastonbury Abbey, which I believe is twenty miles distant. You will be surprised at the calm manner in which I speak of the journey, but I assure you I have become such a great traveller that I step into a carriage to go sixty or seventy

miles with the greatest composure, and think less of it than I formerly did of going to the Plains of Abraham. I am not at all sick in a close carriage, and the roads in this country are so good that it is nothing more than a pleasant excursion. I dare say I have travelled between seven and eight hundred miles since I first landed in Liverpool, and in a few days we are all going to Fonthill Abbey, which will be a hundred more.

Lady Seymour desires her compliments to you and says she wishes very much that you were here as she is sure you would be delighted. I need not add how heartily I join her in the wish, for it often takes from my pleasure that you and all my sisters and brothers are not in this country. I am sometimes afraid to think that after a Winter spent in England, I shall not be able to think of Quebec as I did before. But where you are, my dear mother, I shall be happy, and I would not remain from you after this Spring, for the most beautiful spot in the world.

The Seymour family is almost as large as our own. The eldest daughter is Mrs. Forsyth whose husband, as you know, occupies an

important position in Montreal. The next is Mrs. Macdonald. Colonel Macdonald's Regiment is under orders for Gibraltar. They are expected here the last of the week. Then comes Captain Seymour—his name is William Hamilton. He has just returned from a cruise and it is wished he would retire and settle down, but he declares he has seen only half the world, and he cannot stay at home and become an English Squire until he has beheld the other half. He resembles his mother, and so do the two elder sisters from all accounts. Mrs. Nesbitt, the third daughter, is at home, and already seems like an old friend. Major Nesbitt's Regiment is stationed at Queenstown, but it is expected will soon be ordered to a distant land. Then comes Mrs. Egerton—she too has married an officer and is now in India. Mrs. Nesbitt is like her father and they say Mrs. E. resembles him also, as does Henry Seymour, the younger son. He is in the Army and home now on sick leave owing to a fall from his horse while riding in a steeple chase. It has made him so lame he must use a crutch. Mary, the youngest, is dark like her eldest sisters—she is very lively, and they call her the

spoilt darling. She rides a beautiful horse, and is never happy unless flying about, and is so lovable and sweet 'tis no wonder she is spoilt. I have not space to name the grandchildren. Lady Seymour must have been a beauty—her hair is still dark, her eyes brown and she is inclined to be pale. Hers is a nervous disposition, and she is disposed to worry, but it is not permitted by her husband and the young people, and if they see the slightest line upon her brow one or another will kiss it away or make some absurd joke, and they all unite in laughter. Last but not least there is Sir William. When he was younger his hair must have been fair, but now it is pure white, and curls—this sounds more suitable for a lady, but, believe me, suits him uncommonly well. His eyes are blue and very bright and he has a clear complexion and high colour. He holds himself most erect, and never before have I met a gentleman I felt I could love and respect as I do him.

By the *Aurora*, which was to sail last week, I sent some dresses for my sisters, and a bonnet, etc., for yourself, which I hope will arrive safe. I shall be disappointed if they do not,

but not a loser, as they are insured. I forgot to say that if Emily's dress is made low in the neck the front can be trimmed like Margaret's. I should certainly recommend it as girls of her age do not wear them high. Indeed I had mine all made in that way and wear them with Tippets. Full topped sleeves are very much worn, and full fronts and backs. I wish I could have made little Ann's, but I was afraid of making it too small.

I must not forget to tell you that I wrote to my Uncle Andrew in July as you desired, and received an answer as we were leaving London. He desires me to make him a visit and enclosed an order for ten pounds, which I assure you made me right glad.

I am writing this to go by the Packet and James is to be the bearer of it to London as he leaves me to-morrow to return to town. The first dinner bell has rung, I must therefore run and change my dress. Give my love to all, and believe me, my dear mother, your most affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

I have given up all thought of hearing from

home as I suppose you are now looking for our arrival in Quebec.

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From James Stuart to his Sister.

HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
LONDON,
September 19th, 1823.

MY DEAR ARABELLA,—I have just got your bill from Miss Sherwood, the amount of which (£19 9*s.* 6*d.*) will be rather unexpected to you. To save double postage I shall copy it for you in this letter.

For a week past I have led the life of a recluse, having seen or spoken to no person except my Italian teacher until yesterday, when I dined at Mr. Mascall's. I have engaged the Italian for a month, and as his terms are very high I devote my time exclusively to that one pursuit, in hopes that I may be able after that period to discharge him. We had at Mr. Mascall's the Hamilton family, Lady Jane, who is the Duke of Athol's sister, and her husband.

Mr. Price is to bring Amelia to town on the 29th. He finds that the other guardian has been acting a double part and endeavouring privately to get the young lady placed under

his sole charge by the Lord Chancellor. At this I am much surprised. Mr. Price has, however, succeeded in preventing it.

I called at Mr. Kennedy's on Sunday. Mrs. Kennedy seemed rather cool at our neglect in not calling before we left town. I attempted to apologize for you, but I saw that the apology was not accepted. I am sorry for this, as where civility and attention are meant it should be acknowledged, though it should happen to be high seasoned with pepper!

According to my calculations Elizabeth will soon be leaving Halifax. I have every reason to expect the letter I wrote on August the first, desiring her to come home, would be in her hands no later than the second week in September, and she would therefore take passage with the children on the next suitable vessel. I shall anxiously be looking for letters in about three weeks.

I have had no communication with the Minister since last writing. He will probably be in town shortly, when I shall pay him a visit and have a final arrangement. I think there is little doubt that I shall go to Malta early in the Spring.

I have heard nothing from you since Sir William was in town. I wish you would write me once a week, oftener if you have anything particular to communicate. Remember me kindly to Lady Seymour and all our friends at Valehurst. Your affectionate brother,

JAMES STANHOPE STUART.

P.S.—I sent by Sir William your silk plaid dress and a one pound Bristol note which would not pass in London, but will in Bath.

MISS SHERWOOD'S BILL.

		£	s.	d.
Pink dress		6	16	6
2¼ yds. wide lace	8/6		19	1
2¾ yds. do.	3/6		9	7
4¾ yds. do.	2/–		9	6
¾ yd. muslin	3/6		2	7
8 strips worked trimm'g	2/6	1	0	0
1¼ yd. lace	4/9		5	11
6 yds. blue ribbon	8*d.*		4	0
2½ yds. gauze ribbon	2/6		6	3
1 yd. satin ribbon				6
Tape, buttons, etc.			1	0
Making dress			10	6
¾ yd. mull muslin	3/6		2	7
Black velvet bonnet		2	10	0
Carried forward		13	18	0

		£	s.	d.
Brought forward		13	18	0
3½ strips work trimm'g	2/6		8	9
Buttons, cord, etc.			1	0
Making cape			3	6
2 yds. grey opera nett	3/6		7	0
⅞ yd. do. silk	7/6		6	7
End of lace			2	0
Making trimm'g for dress			3	6
2¾ yds. silk trimm'g	3/6		9	7
6½ yds. opera nett	3/6	1	2	9
⅞ yd. grey silk	7/6		6	7
10 pr. tassels	1/–		10	0
Gauze 2/–, 1 yd. lace	4/9		6	9
Ribbon, cord, and wadding			1	0
Making dress			10	6
Tin and paper cases			12	0
		£19	9	6

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To James Stuart, London.

VALEHURST,
September 25th, 1823.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I thank you for the dress and more particularly for the one pound note, which I doubt not I shall find useful. Should you hear from home I hope you will let me know by the earliest opportunity, and whether you hear or not, I should like much to receive

a letter from you occasionally in case anything strange occurs. Let me know how Mr. Price gets on.

I am as happy as the day is long. This family are all so kind to me that I do not think I shall ever have it in my power to thank them sufficiently. I have been at Cheddar Cliffs, which are tremendous. The road appears as if cut through an immense rock, and in one place it is four hundred and eighty feet in length and perpendicular!

Mr. Charles Gordon has joined the family circle, bringing letters of introduction from Montreal. He claims acquaintance with you. Do you remember him? He and Mary with Henry and myself form a quartette never at a loss in finding amusement. We make many excursions, the two former riding, but Henry is still so great a cripple he must drive with me.

I am writing here a note for Miss Sherwood; will you make a copy and forward it? The bill is Preposterous!

With kind regards to all enquiring friends and love to yourself, believe me, your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

"Miss Stuart's compliments to Miss Sherwood and begs to acknowledge receipt of her bill, and at the same time to add that she is much surprised at the amount of it. Miss Sherwood positively promised that the pink dress should not exceed six guineas and also that the bonnet should be made for two guineas. Miss Sherwood may recollect Miss Stuart saying that she had directions to get the bonnet made for two pounds. Miss Sherwood said if she would allow two guineas she would make a very nice one, and Miss Stuart is confident there is some mistake, and when she returns to Town in November will go and have it rectified."

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VALEHURST, NEAR OLD DOWN, SOMERSETSHIRE,

September 29th, 1823.

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER ANN,—My last word to you was that you should have a letter addressed to your own self, and I fear me you will now be weary watching for it. I know you will have heard every word about my journeyings from the letters I have written the others, and

it is something particularly for *yourself* I must find to tell in this.

I am still visiting our sister Elizabeth's Aunt and Uncle, and if I only had you here with me I might well say, never before have I been so happy! There is a beautiful garden, and I am learning so much from the gardeners, whom I pester with questions, that when I go home I believe I will be able to turn ours into a little Paradise. Where we have a stone wall, here 'tis of brick, and covered with vines—not creepers, but something far better —fruit! Apples and peaches and apricots, basking in the sun! I do love this garden! There is an arbour, two fountains, a sun dial, and one can scarcely see the walks for all the flowers. So many varieties you have never seen, but I may carry home with me seeds that will grow and flourish for us, and give great surprise to our good neighbours.

I have not forgotten that you requested me to find a verse for your Sampler different from any we had seen, and here there are several from which to make a choice. I felt in doubt as to which would please you best, and was about to make a copy of all, when Henry

Seymour remembered one his Grandmother had worked that was stowed away in a chest in the old nursery; so it was brought forth, and we decided upon it. For one thing, the wreath of flowers you have already begun as a border will suit the words, and then it is not as priggish a verse as most others. Here are the lines, and I believe you have just the right space for them beneath the alphabet and the numbers.

The Blushing Rose breathes love for you,
The Pansy thoughts,—Forget-me-not speaks true.
The Lily White means pure delight,
The Modest Violet hides from sight,
But oh, beware the Primrose Fair,
Inconstancy it doth declare.

Henry Seymour has many questions to ask of our home, for he thinks he may be ordered to Canada next year. So I try to describe Quebec and its fortifications and the great St. Lawrence River, but his craving for information cannot be satisfied, and never a day but what more is desired.

And now you will hear of my visit to the little Princess. She is four years old and her

name is Victoria. When I heard the Duchess would condescend to receive us, I felt quite frightened and asked Mr. Price what I should say or do. He told me to be my own natural self and I could not fail to please, which I consider a most complimentary speech. Off we drove to the Palace when the appointed day came, through a beautiful Park, and finer gardens than I had ever before seen, and when we reached our destination we were escorted to a large room in which the Duchess was seated, and playing near her the little Princess. A dear, dear little girl! She wore a white dress with a blue sash, and was quite shy—just as shy as your sister Arabella, though she had the advantage over me because she could take refuge behind her mother's skirts, and I had no such haven! When I had made my courtesy and James his bow, the Duchess requested us to be seated and after a few words with me conversed with James, and immediately their conversation turned to the service of our father under the late Duke. I listened sedately till I suddenly saw a little head, and two bright eyes looking at me, but when I smiled, the flounces again became a shield; this happened

several times, and at last I could not resist the temptation and I found my handkerchief and placed it over my eyes, and when she looked again I pulled it off and said "Peep!" The dear little thing laughed so sweetly, and the Duchess looked about and appeared very much amused. Then she came forward and was quite ready to make friends, but of course, though Mr. Price had advised it, I could not be natural. If I had every one would have been horrified at my lack of proper respect, for my impulse was to take her on my knee and tell her all about Humpty Dumpty, and Little Bo Peep, and old Mother Hubbard, and all our other old friends. I wonder if there is any one to play with that little Princess as I used to play with you, and make her laugh as heartily? She politely shook hands when the time came for our departure, and probably in a few moments we were quite forgotten, but I will remember her as long as I live.

It grows so late I must say good night. I would like to add more, but if I tell you all now what will there be left for me to write in the small Diary you gave me for a keepsake? I have not yet begun it for all my writing has

been put in letters, but the time will come when all I have to say will be for that Diary and your eyes alone—so have no fear but what it will prove a most acceptable gift. Tell the others I could not keep the sett of little Indians and canoe they gave me. They were so much admired for the curiosity of them not one is left in my possession.

How I wish I might kiss you and tuck you up, my little Ann—your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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From James Stuart to his Sister.

LONDON,

October 3rd, 1823.

MY DEAR ARABELLA,—I am beginning now to be extremely anxious about my family on their homeward passage, tho' I am satisfied Colonel Seymour will have rendered them every facility in procuring a good ship. I am sorry I could not have finally determined as to my going out to Malta before this time, that in case I should go I might immediately have sent out a Power of Attorney and instructions as to my property in Quebec. I wish to direct

my house to be sold if possible, and all the furniture, plate, wine, etc., left at our mother's house. I have so many inducements to go to Malta I think I should not do wisely to reject them, but I must raise £700 or £800 for an outfit. Bainbridge will assist me, as he is to be my Agent and to receive my salary. Though it is my present intention to remain there only a year or two, I am hoping the high situation which is granted me there, will enable me to obtain some good one in exchange in the North American Colonies, should I prefer it. I am progressing well with my Italian, and am glad there is this to fill my time.

With love to yourself and kind remembrance to Lady Seymour and all our good friends, for whose hospitality to you I cannot properly express my gratitude, your affectionate brother,

JAMES S. STUART.

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From James Stuart to his Sister.

LONDON,

November 1st, 1823.

MY DEAR ARABELLA,—An unexpected order for me to proceed forthwith to Malta has upset

all my schemes of comfort in London for the Winter, and makes me doubly anxious on Elizabeth's account. Could I have foreseen this I should not have requested her to come over until the Spring. I am getting most anxious about her and the little ones. The long prevalence of easterly winds has prevented arrivals from Nova Scotia, and I fear the letters I wrote in August must have been delayed. I shall solicit Lord Bathurst to allow me to remain a few weeks for my family—surely within that time I must either see or hear of them! I should be happy if you would accompany us to Malta, and wish you would give this more serious consideration before absolutely refusing.

You tell me Lady Seymour has requested you to remain with her until the Spring, and feels assured she will then be able to find an escort to take you safely home. I know how happy you are with her and can understand that you have no wish to come to Town, but should Elizabeth arrive in time I would like you to come, and will take you back again before we leave England, if you so desire. Is it your intention to accept Lady Seymour's

invitation? I should wish to know this as soon as possible, for if otherwise I must lose no time in procuring you a residence. Mr. Price takes a great interest in you, and assures me he will see you do not go out to Canada without being properly attended.

I do not know particularly what to purchase for Elizabeth. I indeed have no time to see to it, and must go to Malta with very little preparation, and doubt if I am able to see the Brunels or Mascalls, or to pay any necessary visits.

I am completely in the dark as to where my family may be. It is now three months since I wrote desiring them to sail, and still no reply. Mr. Brunel has written to a friend at Plymouth to attend to Elizabeth should she arrive there, and I have enclosed a letter for her. There are two vessels expected soon from Halifax. I have also sent a letter to Liverpool to meet her there, and Bainbridge and Brown have written to their Correspondent at Liverpool.

I am afraid to go to Downing Street to make enquiries about preparations for my departure lest they should send me off without a moment's

delay. I am now remaining on the plea of being called to the Bar, for they will not allow the expected arrival of my family to be of any excuse. I also incur the risk of Sir Thos. Maitland's[1] displeasure for remaining and, as I am wholly dependent on him, it forms no small part of my accumulated causes of anxiety.

God bless you, my dear Arabella. I hope all may be for the best, but my present state of mind and feelings is anything rather than to be envied. For all I know a letter may be lost and my dear wife and children have started on their voyage on a vessel perhaps now long over due, which may have met with misadventure and be at the bottom of the Sea! I pace the floor both day and night—I cannot eat, and have forgotten what it is to sleep. I have thought more than once lately that the pleasures by which you are surrounded have caused you to give but little thought to me and my anxieties. It but adds to them to feel that you are indifferent. With kind

[1] Sir Thomas Maitland, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean, and Governor of Malta, 1813–1824.

remembrance to Lady Seymour and her family, I am your affectionate brother,

JAMES STANHOPE STUART.

I add a draft of a letter to your dressmaker, which my advice is you should copy and forward.—J. S. S.

"Miss Stuart's compliments to Miss Sherwood and as she does not return to town this Winter begs to enclose her the sum of £16 11*s.* 1*d.*, as she positively cannot pay more than £6 6*s.* for the pink dress, that being the sum Miss Sherwood promised to make it for, and £2 2*s.* for the bonnet. The bonnet was not for herself, and as she was desired not to exceed 40*s.*, would not have done so had not Miss Sherwood said she would make it for *two guineas*. There are other articles charged which were not sent to her."

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From Sir William Seymour to James Stuart.

VALEHURST,

November 14th, 1823.

MY DEAR STUART,—Arabella was a little startled at your charge of selfishness and to calm the

irritation of your feelings, wrote you on the evening of the day she received your letter. I am sorry to find they are pressing you to depart for Malta before the arrival of Elizabeth and the children. I very much suspect all the Autumn vessels had very long passages as the East winds did not set in until the middle of October, and I have no idea your family can reach you before the middle of December or Christmas.

We all have been much gratified in having it in our power to afford Arabella an asylum, and to admit her to a full share of the comfort our situation admits of. And it will be a consolation to you and her friends to know we not only estimate her qualifications highly, but that she is most worthy of our kindest attentions. The relief it has afforded you, and so feelingly expressed in your letters, is equally gratifying to all your friends at Valehurst. We shall be most happy to have her remain with us throughout the Winter, provided she does not accompany you to Malta, which I think she might do without much inconvenience.

Should you leave London before Elizabeth

arrives, she may not be able to join you before the Spring unless she goes over land, and if we can be of any service to her we shall be most happy, and it is our wish you should say so much to her. Before you take final leave of your friends have the goodness to drop us a line.

Lady Seymour desires me to say if you should by any accident be permitted to remain, or detained, you should do us the favour of joining us to eat your Christmas dinner—if not previously engaged—and we will have a jollification before we separate, perhaps not very soon to meet again. Kind remembrance to the Mascalls and all our friends, and when ever you can convey to us anything, do not spare your labours. God bless you, my dear Jamie. Yours truly,

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

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From James Stuart to his Sister.

LONDON,

November 20th, 1823.

MY DEAR ARABELLA,—At last I have a letter from Elizabeth! It is dated October 6th,

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and to express to you the grateful relief it has given me would be impossible, but to say I was disappointed in hearing I was not to see her would be saying nothing—I was more than disappointed—for a moment almost heart-broken. Had I determined to remain in England this Winter, what would have been my feelings on hearing she had been persuaded, almost *compelled* to remain in Halifax by her parents! It would have been impossible to have patiently borne the disappointment. But I must believe there is an Almighty Power which orders all for the best. When I reflect I must either have taken her and our dear little ones on another voyage at an inclement season, or a fatiguing and harassing journey through France, or leave them in England till the Spring; when I add to this my past restless anxiety and fears for weeks and almost months —increased by the dreadful tempestuous weather of late; all united gives me such relief as to outweigh the regret I had before felt. It is undoubtedly better she should remain the Winter with her parents, devoting her care and attention to our children, and make choice of a mild season to cross the Ocean and

join me in Malta. If I had anticipated leaving England so soon I should not have sent for her. Elizabeth attributed the interference of her family to their affection for her; be it so —so far it has turned out well—but I must say I consider it was both injudicious and dangerous to interfere between man and wife. In the present instance we have reason to think it was *fortunate*, but how great was the risk!

I cannot take my departure to a foreign land without seeing you once again, and on the 22nd I will go to Valehurst. I shall then proceed as soon as possible to my place of destination. With kindest regards to Sir William and Lady Seymour and their family, believe me, your affectionate brother,

JAMES STANHOPE STUART.

Parcel No. 3

Favourable Winds bring about a change of plan, and preparations for a Long Journey.

A Letter from Mrs. Nesbitt to Arabella in London.

VALEHURST,
December 2nd, 1823.

We all appreciated your desire, my dear Arabella, to return to London with James when we saw his agitated state of mind and great depression of spirits, and then we hoped 'twould be but for a few days—never supposing he would receive another letter announcing Elizabeth's change of plan, and that she would shortly sail for England. I fear this will not reach you before he has taken his departure for Malta, but as my mother's opinion might cause some change in your arrangements she begs I will take the liberty, as an old friend, of saying she does not think it by any means *correct* you remaining in lodgings in London *by yourself*! Elizabeth's arrival may be deferred for a fortnight or six weeks yet, and my Mother hopes, if you are determined on remaining in London, you will accept an invitation from one of the many friends you have made there. Should you prefer coming to Valehurst, you know how happy we shall all be to have you—

but the idea of you being an unprotected female in such a place makes us all feel very uncomfortable. My mother hopes you will excuse *her freedom*, as she feels, in the absence of your parent, called on to advise you for the best. Let us know as soon as you can what you have made up your mind to do, should James have left you and you require any further advice and assistance, but I will not urge the subject further, as I know your own good sense will direct you for the best.

Poor Elizabeth, I am sorry to find she has altered her determination, as matters had gone so far it would have been better for all sides if she had waited until Spring, but Providence is all sufficient and will, I trust, land her and her dear little children safe in Old England. Though her disappointment will be great on finding her husband had been forced to depart before her arrival, yet the worst of her undertaking will be over.

I am quite forlorn. My work is my only amusement. Mama's hat is finished and my dress nearly done. If you do not return soon, I shall work myself out entirely for want of something better to do. I hope you will be

able to read this amiable scrawl. My brother goes off at ten to Bath and takes this *for expedition*. All join me in affectionate love to you and regards to James if he is with you. Believe me, most sincerely yours,

HARRIET NESBITT.

Burn this *directly*, Miss!

Should you come down soon you are, if you please, to bring Mama a red coloured shawl—she does not mind the white spots if it cannot be had without—and 20*s*. worth of 7*s*. 4*d*. Hyson dust from Twinings, below Somerset House, Strand.—H. N.

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LONDON,
December 8th, 1823.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—With the greatest pleasure I inform you of the arrival of my sister-in-law and her dear little children after a fine passage of only twenty-four days! They, unfortunately, were cast on shore on the Mapline Sands at half past three o'clock in the morning of the 4th in a heavy gale, where they remained until daylight, and were then taken out into a boat and safely landed at Sheerness. Elizabeth

wrote to James from the Inn to say she would remain there until he came for her, but he having the day before heard that the *Ann* was in the River, and had not got up from contrary winds, had gone to Gravesend and from thence to Margate to bring them to town. Mr. Bainbridge, from knowing this, sent me a polite note saying that if James had not returned, as he might possibly miss the port of Sheerness, if I would let him know he would send a person immediately to bring them up—which he did—and at half past five last evening they made their appearance. You may be sure we were rejoiced to see them, for James had come back that morning worn out, without having got one word of information. He had seen several wrecks on the shore. Great damage was done to the shipping and one of the Pilots lost his life.

The *Ann* was cast on shore in consequence of having parted two chain cables, but a friendly sand bank received her and I am happy to say she escaped with the loss of a rudder. They had a most delightful passage, having passed the Banks on the Thursday week after they sailed, and took soundings in the Channel

twenty days after they left Halifax. The weather was so warm they seldom required more than a sheet on their beds. The four nights they were in the Channel they had heavy gales of wind with rain, in the first of which, at six in the evening, they nearly made the Scilly Banks. The lighthouse there is a revolving one. The weather had been so thick the Captain had not been able to take an observation, and just had a sight of the Light long enough to discover where he was, and instantly put the ship about. The whole of that night was an anxious one, but the next still more. About eleven they were alarmed by the cry that a Brig was running foul of them on their weather quarter, but also escaped this danger.

We cannot be too thankful to Providence for protecting them through all these dangers and sending them fair winds, for if they had had a long passage James must have gone to Malta without them; indeed he had orders to sail on the 2nd in the Packet, but Lord Bathurst very kindly allowed him to remain until the 15th in hopes his family might arrive. Elizabeth never looked better in her life, but

poor little Nancy was ill the whole passage. As to little *Prince Charming*, he is the picture of health and has a smile for everybody.

I hope you will not object, my dear Mother, for I have been so much urged by my Brother and Sister, I have broken through all the resolutions I had formed to the contrary, and am going to Malta for a few months. There are frequent opportunities from that to England, and I can easily return at any time to Quebec. Be assured I shall not stay long for I shall not be able to content myself at such a distance from you, but it is such a good opportunity and there will be so many advantages attending it that, if I do not go and you were all to regret it, I should be sorry so long as I live. I have therefore resolved to continue my travels in the hope of returning home in the Autumn instead of the Spring, and we are to leave this on the 15th and travel through France, remaining a day at each place on our way, where there is anything worthy of notice.

Malta is more talked of in England than any place in the world, and there are many that we know would be delighted to get a situation there. For my part I have heard of nothing

else for the last four months, and every person I know has wondered at my want of taste in preferring to return to Quebec, but to me home is better than all the fine places in the world! There I am sure of finding happiness independent of our neighbours.

I have been at Sir William Seymour's since the 23rd of August and a most delightful time I have had. I returned to town with James, as before he came to take leave of me he received a letter from Elizabeth to say she was not coming and he was so much disappointed I could not bear he should spend a last gloomy week by himself in London. And fortunate it was that I did come, for on our arrival we found Colonel Seymour's letter saying she was making preparations, and would sail in a few days. I then determined, if James sailed for Malta, to remain in the lodgings to receive Elizabeth, but when he went to the Office on the 2nd to enquire when the Mediterranean Packet sailed, he received the good intelligence that his leave was prolonged—through the kindness of Lord Bathurst. Lady Seymour was so good as to ask me to return there after Elizabeth sailed, to spend the Winter, and if it

had not been that I am going to a place which Henry Seymour says is so strongly fortified that even *His Black Highness* cannot get in (more than can be said of old Quebec), I might have gone and returned to you in the Spring.

If, when James goes into the City to-morrow morning, he finds the American Packet has not sailed, this is to be sent, as we know you will be anxious to hear of Elizabeth's safety. I quite blush to send such a scrawl, but have written in such a hurry that I have scarcely time to express myself, therefore beg you to excuse repetitions. Believe me, my dear Mother, your very affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

P.S.—Dear Margaret—I am quite shocked to think you are so Gothish as to wear curls behind your ears! They are not seen in England, and I gave you this piece of information when I first came home. Now for the fashions. The hair is parted on the forehead and dressed low at the back of the head in the way Miss Price wore hers last Winter. Wreaths of flowers are worn and also bunches occasionally, but what looks prettier is half of

a gauze handkerchief pinned up in bows at the back of the head. Crimson flowers are very fashionable in black bonnets. Chintz cottons for dresses are quite the rage—stripes about an inch wide. These are for the morning between Breakfast and Dinner, and do not wear your dresses under your heels. Do not let this letter be seen. You can read what part you like to our friends.—A.

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A Letter from Lady Seymour.

VALEHURST,
December 13th, 1823.

A thousand congratulations, my dear Arabella, for the safe arrival of your sister. What a relief from painful suspense and distressing anxiety! And just at the moment when it was almost impossible to anticipate so delightful a termination to present care. I hope she is now enjoying the comfort of a cheerful fire and the delighted looks of her almost *despairing Husband.* Tell him the Captain thinks with the addition of his family he can travel cheaper by land than going in the Packet. At all events, to prevent having to wait in Falmouth

until the Mail arrives, which does not always happen at the appointed time, he advises enquiring at the Post Office the positive time of its departure, and going with the Mail. James must make a friend of the Keeper of the Post Office to gain the information.

Tell our dear Niece if she can spare a day or two we should be most happy to have her visit us at Valehurst. I think it would be the best route to Falmouth. I am not surprised at the reception Miss Price gave her. Poor Child! She is lost from the sad want of a spirited parent to govern her!

I am very much pleased at your deciding to go with your Sister, for I, alas, have felt all the misery of leaving a *luxurious* home and living amongst strangers, without the most distant connection to soothe one moment of sickness or sadness!

This letter will be carried by Sir William, who goes to London on Monday morning with Henry. The poor fellow grows most impatient and thinks if he consults Sir Astley Cooper[1] it may lead to a more speedy recovery.

[1] Sir Astley Cooper was the leading surgeon in England at this time.

It will be a relief to have the opinion of so eminent a Surgeon. Sir William is anticipating with great pleasure the event of meeting a daughter of his dear Brother.

Pray do not trouble yourself about my little commissions, they are of no consequence, only tell Sir William the tea is at Twinings and only 7*s.* 3*d.* a pound.

I hope James has decided on travelling by land, another voyage so soon would be almost too much for the poor little people. What dismay he must have experienced in the fruitless search after his wife! Poor man! I trust perspective of future felicity has already obliterated past unhappiness!

Let me hear from you before you leave this Land of Comfort. Give our kind love to all with you, and accept our best wishes for a safe and pleasant journey to the *desired land.* Believe me, my dear Arabella, yours very truly,

ANNA SEYMOUR.

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From Elizabeth Stuart to her Mother-in-law.

LONDON,
December 13th, 1823.

MY DEAR MRS. STUART,—I arrived here on Sunday evening last from Sheerness with my dear children. We were unfortunately cast on the shore on the Thursday morning previous at half past three o'clock, in a most tremendous gale of wind; indeed, I think it might be called a hurricane. It was the fourth we had to encounter after we made soundings. When I heard the last cable part you may well conceive the anxiety I felt for my poor little pets. I instantly rose up and dressed myself and without delay made the nurse-maid take one child and I took the other (both out of their beds asleep), dressed, fed, and made them comfortable, to be put into a boat at a moment's notice. However, in about an hour we drifted on to a sand bank, where we remained until nine o'clock a.m.

Captain Binnie conducted us to Sheerness, from whence I wrote to James. He, dear fellow, having received notice of our arrival in the River, had gone down to Gravesend in

the hope of meeting us, and did not return for some hours after my letter reached London —previously to which Mr. Bainbridge despatched a confidential servant to see me up to town. I shall always with gratitude remember the obligation—indeed, all my husband's friends have expressed such unfeigned joy at our arrival, and had taken so much interest for our safety, that I cannot imagine myself amongst strangers. They are so hospitable, affable, and obliging, that I am quite delighted.

We dined at Mr. Mascall's on Monday, Tuesday went to Drury Lane with them, Wednesday at home, Thursday and Friday dined out, and to-day are to be at home, being obliged to decline two invitations, that we might pack our trunks. I have visited St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the House of Lords, the Bazaar, and the Burlington Arcade, two places where you may suit yourself with every variety of article you can wish, ready made.

You will be much surprised to find from James' and Arabella's letters that we are to be off for Malta ten days after our arrival.

I do assure you I feel it a lucky thing that I arrived in time, for I should have felt rather forlorn in a strange land without my husband, although I have not a doubt I should have met with great kindness from his friends as well as my own relatives, every one of whom are endeavouring to serve us in every way.

James and myself called to arrange about Arabella's pension. She is to have it in June and we have a copy of the form. There is a new order soon to come out that the orphan children of a British Officer who shall hereafter be put on pension establishment are not to receive it after the age of twenty-one—they are then supposed to be capable of gaining a livelihood for themselves.

I hope I shall soon be able to make up for the shortness of this letter, my dear Mrs. Stuart, by sending you a full and lengthy one from Malta. Arabella has required some coaxing to make her consent to accompany us. Before I arrived James and the rest of her acquaintances had been trying without success, and I trust she may not repent it. I wish I could write you a longer letter, but I

must away to pack my trunks. Believe me most affectionately, your dutiful daughter-in-law,

ELIZABETH M. STUART.

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Postscript from Arabella.

Tuesday, December 16th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot let this go without a few words to say that we are to leave London next Thursday morning. We have nearly done packing and shall go away comfortably, as the children are quite well and improve every day. We travel through France, and shall remain a few days in Paris to take breath, and I am in hopes we shall have a delightful excursion. . . . Sir William Seymour and Henry with him have unexpectedly arrived to bid us farewell—I have not a moment. Believe me affectionately,

ARABELLA.

Parcel No. 4

Out of England into France — with a word, only a word, of Romance.

From Arabella's Diary.

PARIS,
December 25th, 1823.

At last, my little Sister Ann, I prepare to write in your wee Diary, for this is a day when one longs for one's very own, and I cannot help but think of our happy family circle, the great log fire, and all the fun and jollity with which we keep Christmas. James and Elizabeth are happy together with their Babes so I have withdrawn myself, and perhaps when I have written what is uppermost in my mind, my heart will be lighter.

Our last few days in London were busy enough, and on the Tuesday, early in the afternoon, Sir William Seymour called to see Elizabeth, and Henry with him. They had travelled to London to consult a great Surgeon about Henry's condition and he, poor fellow, was much depressed, as the verdict was that he must on his return home keep absolutely quiet, not even *hobble*, for three months! Naturally Elizabeth was delighted to see her Uncle and shew him her pets, who were on their best behaviour, and little Nancy would not

leave Sir William for a moment, so it fell to my lot to entertain Henry, and I found him hard to cheer. He withdrew to the window-seat and asked me to place myself beside him, and then he told me he was near distraction because of my determination to go to Malta! He had felt certain I would return to Valehurst for the Winter, and had hardly bid me farewell before I left. He spoke of his love for me, but I told him I could not listen—that I was a penniless girl, and he only starting on his career, and an engagement to me might prove a great obstacle in the way of his advancement. I felt it would be but a poor return for all the kindness and hospitality extended to me by Sir William and Lady Seymour to let myself be the means of disappointing their ambitious hopes of what the future might hold for him. I could scarce get him to listen to me. He declared he would never forget if he thought I cared at all, and it ended with an agreement that he should write to me once a year, if he so wished to do, on my birthday—but I insisted all he had said of love must be as if never told until he had won his promotion, nor should he feel in duty bound to repeat it

then, for he was absolutely free. Oh, my dear Ann! they were hard words to speak, and more difficult still, when the time came to part, to say farewell with a smiling face. Sir William kissed me and Henry clasped my hand. I fear I have shewn much weakness. It was not so hard to turn my back to Valehurst when I felt the only sufferer—the only one who must try to forget Love—was myself. Now, how different! Already my birthday seems not eight months, but a lifetime away!

To Dr. John Stuart of Quebec
(Begun by Elizabeth Stuart).

PARIS,
December 24th, 1823.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I wrote from London to your Mother as late as the 13th instant. On the 18th (at eight in the morning) we left London for Dover, where we arrived at seven in the evening—a distance of seventy-four miles. 19th, Crossed over to Calais in a steamboat in three hours. James and Arabella very sick and Nancy a little so. The Sofas around the cabin, the cabin floors, and the ladies'

cabin all full with sick passengers, myself the only one able to withstand the elements. 20th, Left Calais at ten a.m. in the Diligence, a large heavy carriage, three bodies on four wheels drawn by five or seven horses, three and four abreast. We travelled two days and one night without stopping to rest. We dined at Boulogne at two o'clock the first day, supped at Abbeville at one o'clock a.m., breakfasted at Beauvais at the same hour p.m. and arrived here at twelve at night, having travelled a distance of one hundred and seventy-five English miles—the roads very bad.

The children bore the journey uncommonly well. In travelling through France—if there are two children—we are obliged to pay for one seat for the two, so that we had ample room to lay down one child at a time when sleeping. We had not a servant of any description. The nurse I hired in London to accompany us to Malta (to whom we had engaged to give twenty-four Guineas a year) promised to join us at Dover, but disappointed us. I have hired a young woman to hold the child the few days we remain here and she cannot speak one word of English; still, she

amuses the children exceedingly well and is a great relief to me.

From hence to Marseilles we are to travel Post *in our own carriage*, which James was obliged to purchase here to save the necessity of travelling at night, which would be too fatiguing for the children. We expect to leave this the day after to-morrow, and to arrive at Lyons about New Year's Day, where we shall probably remain one or two days to recruit, and then proceed to Marseilles, which will occupy another week, and there we embark for Malta. The carriage is a *Caleche* and will hold five persons—the price forty Napoleons (about thirty pounds Sterling), which we shall sell again at Marseilles.

I am sorry we have not time to remain here a few weeks. I passed by the Palace of the Tuileries yesterday in the rain and walked a short distance in the Gardens. They are extensive and beautifully laid out. Among the decorations are many fine statues, bronzes, and casts, distributed on a regular plan. I also walked through a part of the Palais Royal. I believe you have seen the Bazaar and Arcade in London; they are on the same principle,

but fall short of the magnificence of the Palais Royal. I felt many temptations to purchase, but was obliged to take my leave of it with a pair of white satin shoes. The buildings here are six ſtorys and a half high and we live in the fourth ſtory of one of the firſt hotels in Paris, kept by M. Meurice. At present it is full of company, among whom are the Duke and Duchess of Leeds.

The ſtreets are paved with round ſtones, that, with the rain and dirt together, render it excessively uncomfortable to walk out. To-day we hired a Cabriolet and rode out in the rain through a part of the Boulevard. It is a broad road with two side walks planted with trees. It is bordered in some parts with very elegant houses and the number of shops and ſtalls on both sides make it resemble a perpetual fair, with new objects conſtantly ſtriking the eye. In summer when the trees are in full bloom it muſt be a moſt charming promenade. We then went and made a purchase of the *Caleche*.

25*th*.—Had any person ſuggeſted this day twelve month, when dining at my dear Mother-in-law's, that we would spend this day in

France, it would have astounded us, and with an exclamation, should have pronounced it not at all probable! Yet to my great surprise when I look back, 'tis seven weeks ago to-morrow I left Halifax, and nearly as many months since I have seen Quebec. We have been thinking and talking frequently about you to-day. James and Arabella most sincerely and affectionately unite with myself in wishing you and all our dear relatives many happy returns of the season, and God grant we may live to meet some few years hence, and again eat our Christmas pies together.

We visited the Louvre to-day and were highly gratified and much astonished at the liberality of the French Nation in permitting it to be open to all persons, gratis. We also went to see a Panorama of Naples.

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LYONS,
January 2nd, 1824.

We left Paris on the 26th at half past five o'clock p.m. by way of Melun, Auxerre, and Autun, and arrived here at five o'clock p.m. yesterday—all well—after travelling upwards

of three hundred miles through a beautiful and richly cultivated country. We had rain four days out of the six, but the weather is so much milder than we have been accustomed to that we did not take cold. We crossed three lofty mountains, the views from them were extensive and in summer must be truly gratifying to the eye.

When about eighty miles from Paris the axle-tree of the carriage broke. It could not have happened in a more lucky place, for we had finished a post, were opposite a blacksmith's, and not more than ten yards from an Hotel, but we were obliged to remain six hours! We generally start out on our journey about eight in the morning and stop for the night at six or seven in the evening.

(*Continued by James Stuart.*)

January 2nd.

DEAR JOHN,—As I find the remainder of this sheet of paper is left for me to fill up I must continue the narrative of our travels. We have got on very well this far, the children as little troublesome as could be expected. Nancy thrives much on land travelling and has quite

recovered the health and spirits she lost in crossing the Atlantic. I am much pleased with my carriage, notwithstanding the unlucky somersault it gave us at Joigny. It is easy and comfortable, but will only hold Elizabeth, Arabella, and the children when the boot is up, so that I travel in the dickey.

I find it an undertaking of no small moment, to travel six hundred miles through a foreign country with young children at a season when the days are shortest and most unpleasant. The French are as disobliging as can be and will assist in nothing, so that—having no servant—I have my hands full. It is, however, much preferable to travelling by sea, and rather than venture across the Bay of Biscay at this season I would endure any inconvenience of land travelling. I have just received a letter from Marseilles by which I learn we shall be able at an early date to procure a good ship to take us to Malta, and the cabin to ourselves, for about one thousand francs. We expect to leave this to-morrow and reach Marseilles on Wednesday or Thursday next. Make our affectionate regards to all.

(*Finished by Arabella.*)

This scrap of paper is left that I may have the pleasure of wishing my dear Brothers, my Mother and Sisters, a very happy New Year, which I do most earnestly, and that I may spend the next with you. Believe me, with love to all at home, your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

P.S.—All the scribes forgot to sign! This letter looks like a French Diligence!—A. M. S.

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MARSEILLES,
January 11th, 1824.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—When I last wrote to my Mother from London I promised that my next should be addressed to you, and knowing how anxious you will all be to hear the particulars of our journey, I take the earliest opportunity of putting my promise in execution. In case the letter which Elizabeth began in Paris and I finished at Lyons should not reach you, we left London on the 18th at eight o'clock in the morning and arrived at Dover, a distance of seventy-three miles, in

eleven hours after. 19th, Stepped on board a Steam Boat and in three hours we landed at Calais. It was James' wish to have crossed to Boulogne, which would have saved us thirty miles by land, but the wind was light and the Captain, fearful of missing the port, would not sail until the next day.

From what I saw of Calais I am not much prepossessed in its favour. It appeared to me to be a smoky, dirty, disagreeable place, and the air most unpleasant. Perhaps I judge too hastily, for I was wretchedly ill from the effects of the sea, and scarcely able to hold up my head, but I assure you we were not sorry the next morning when the hour of departure arrived.

I scarcely know how to describe the carriage unless you can imagine three bodies on two pair of wheels, with a seat in front for the *Conducteur*, who has charge of the baggage and directs the Postillion. This Diligence (or, more properly speaking, *dilatory*, for they drive very slow!) is drawn by five and sometimes seven horses with a harness made of ropes, and the most uncouth collars, large enough for three English ones, with two pieces of wood

that project on each side like horns. I suppose the French mean these to be *ornamental*, for I cannot see any advantage in them. The roads are not near so good as in England. There are no Turnpikes so of course not so much pains taken with them.

As Elizabeth has given you a description of what we saw in Paris it would be tedious were I to repeat it. I shall therefore continue the journey from Lyons, but first I must tell you that Lyons is only about a quarter of a mile wide and built between the rivers Rhone and Saône, which join three miles above the Town. There is a fine square, and some elegant stone buildings seven and a half stories high.

We had most delightful weather and found the roads rough in many places, but quite dry and not near so hilly as between Paris and Lyons. I assure you I had many frights during that part of the journey when we crossed several mountains, which were very tedious; one in particular took us nearly an hour and a half to pass—it was a winding road and the wind so high that we were fearful the carriage would blow over. We had some rain and hail and found it bitterly cold.

The country on this side of Lyons is rough and little inhabited. We had one narrow river to cross, but this gave us no trouble, for there is a large boat always crossing and recrossing with loaded waggons, so that we were drawn on board in the carriage; but as we did not feel courageous enough to remain in it, we got out and seated ourselves in the boat, and were drawn across by a large wheel which is placed on a kind of pier.

About fifty or sixty miles from this we passed quite close to a beautiful Roman Arch which is nearly perfect, excepting on one side which is broken. We also saw the ruins of several Roman Castles. We passed Avignon, which is one of the finest walled cities we have seen; without the walls and above, by the banks of the river, is a most delightful walk with trees on each side. We regretted much that our time was too limited to allow us to pass a day here.

We met part of the French Army returning from Spain. Some Regiments of the Line and one of Cavalry. They were a shabby looking sett, not half so smart as an *awkward squad of Militia*. We had the honour of passing through about a dozen temporary arches,

erected at different towns and villages in compliment to the Duc d'Angoulême, with a Motto signifying that by his valour peace had been restored—with the names of the places where the battles were fought.

We arrived here on the 7th, having travelled about a thousand miles from the time we left London, with Nancy and Charles in our arms. They bore the journey uncommonly well, and were always good until towards the evening, when they got tired and restless. We generally commenced our journey about eight in the morning, stopped in the middle of the day and took a bowl of soup, which refreshed us very much, and between six and seven took up our abode for the night. Our day's journey seldom exceeded fifty miles.

13*th*.—Since we arrived here we have been in a constant bustle—still without a nurse, but expect one to-morrow, who has engaged to go to Malta and remain a twelvemonth, for four hundred and fifty francs. Elizabeth has been out a little every day to purchase a few things which cannot be obtained in Malta, such as furniture and bedding, and we have each a Leghorn Bonnet. One was fifty and the other

fifty-five francs. They are sent to a milliner to shape and trim, which will make them each twelve francs more.

Before I left London, James wrote to Mr. Price to say that I was going to Malta, and asked him to allow the money for my passage back to America, as I should return in the Autumn. He returned for answer, that if I would accept thirty Guineas he would desire his agent to pay it, as my going back to Quebec appeared to him problematical—that he was sorry he could not allow more, as the estate had been put to such a great expense—but if I did not agree to this he would consult the other guardians and try to make satisfactory arrangements. Of course I accepted it—"a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!" I was obliged to spend part of it in purchasing a few things to bring with me, as before that I had just four and sixpence in my purse!

I hope by some of the Spring ships you will receive a cotton scarf which I packed up in a box directed to John, and left with Messrs. Bainbridge and Brown to forward. It is the fashion to double and wear them like a shawl,

with one corner turned over a little way—just enough to cross and pin it over in front. Open it carefully, as my Mother's spectacles are tied up in it. The glasses were put into them in a hurry, but we hope they will suit as the man had particular directions as to her age, and we were recommended to him as being a good workman.

James has engaged the cabin of a fine Brig bound to Constantinople, which is to leave us at Malta. The Captain, I am told, is a good man and experienced sailor. He is under a written engagement to sail on Saturday—wind and weather permitting—and we are in hopes, if the weather is favourable, to be in Malta in a week or ten days from that time.

Oh, my dear Margaret, how much I should like to see you all, but for the present this can only be in imagination. I hope my mother continues to take the Columbo mixture, as I am sure she was always better when she took it regularly. Watch the Decanter and when it is empty set it in the Dispensary with a pitcher of water, and when our Brother is at leisure I am sure he will replenish it, as he has too much to do to think of asking for it.

We dined on Sunday with a gentleman to whom James had letters of introduction and credit from Messrs. Bainbridge and Brown. His wife has been attentive in calling and going with Elizabeth to the best and most reasonable shops, and advises her what to take, as she was for several years resident in Malta. I find, since I left home, the more sociable people are the better they are liked. Our mother always told us we were too formal, but I believe we felt too independent to make ourselves *agreeable*. This letter is to be forwarded to you by their nephew, who politely offered to send it through their correspondents in the States.

You will see that I have wandered a great many times since I began to write—from France to Quebec, and from Quebec back again to France—but I am sure if you were here you would be surprised I would write at all, for I have sat down to this not less than fifty times—you know what little children are—they require constant attention and it is impossible for Elizabeth to attend to both.

15*th*.—The nurse came this morning, but as she does not speak English nor we very good

French, sometimes we are obliged to express ourselves by signs. In a few days it will not be so troublesome, as we shall learn from each other. Work hard at your French lessons and talk as often as possible with the French inhabitants, as your lot as well as mine may one day be cast in France.

We are to go on board to-morrow evening, to be ready to sail at break of day should the wind be fair. It is not quite eight months since I left home, and what a traveller I have become! I have passed through part of Lancashire, Oxfordshire, Essex, Sussex, and Kent, Berkshire, Wiltshire; and lived in Middlesex, Suffolk, and Somersetshire; and travelled from one end of France to the other. The best thing I can say in praise of the French is that you invariably find good Beds, clean Sheets and Table Linen. Napkins are as regularly put on the table at Breakfast, Dinner and Supper as in England, but I cannot accustom myself to their brick floors without carpets, and made so slippery with wax that you are every moment in danger of breaking your neck.

James says I need not write any more for

he is sure you will not be able to read it. Pray let me know whether you can decipher it, for I am told my writing is not very intelligible even when *not* crossed—for I am generally in a great hurry. You will say I am *vulgar*, but this I cannot help.

I should like much to spend the three months over again that I was at Sir William Seymour's. They were all so kind and made me feel so much at home. With love and remembrance to all, your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA.

PARCEL NO. 5

Malta, 1824.

MALTA,
March 1st, 1824.

MY DEAR LITTLE ANN,—It affords me much pleasure to address my first letter from Malta to you. Only imagine our sitting without a fire, when you cannot keep yourselves warm before a very large one!—but this is not always the case. We have several days been glad to have what is here called an *extravagant fire*, for wood is sold by the weight at an enormous price. I think two dollars for as much as would fill a wheel barrow! It is mostly brought from Sicily. There are no forests here as in America; indeed, not a Tree, excepting those that bear fruit. Coal is brought from England, and sells about the same as in Quebec—though the Maltese in general do not burn fires; not many of their houses are provided with chimneys. The rooms are large and twice as high as any you have seen—the floors of stones about a foot and a half square and painted green, which gives them a cool appearance. This must be a great recommendation in Summer, for I am told that from May to September the heat is almost insufferable.

We are fortunate in having a house near the sea, and it is one of the coolest and pleasantest situations on the Island. Sir Thomas Maitland reserved it for James and had it in readiness three months before we arrived. The nurse walks with the children every day on the Bastion directly opposite, which has not only the advantage of being retired, but they have the fine, healthy sea breeze, and are never out of our sight. We see all the ships as they come in and go out, which makes it cheerful and reminds me of the days when you and I watched the ships sailing up our great River. I have once or twice seen the American flag flying, which I assure you in this far land looked quite like an old friend.

Mr. Jinkell and Mr. Richards are here in the 80th. The former we expected to meet—having heard of him in England—but not the latter, nor did we know he was in Malta until we met him at a Subscription Ball. I recognized him instantly, but tho' standing next to him had not courage to speak. An evening or two after, we met again at the Theatre and exchanged bows, and since that we have often been together, and talked over the events of

former days. Meeting with these old friends has afforded us much pleasure. Though they saw James' arrival announced in the papers it did not occur to them that it would be a person whom they imagined stationary in Canada. Mr. Richards is not much acquainted with the society and found the place so stupid that he had applied for leave of absence, but our arrival has made such a change in his sentiments that he says he shall not avail himself of it. I have made a long and crooked story of this, but never mind so that you understand it.

There is a large English Society here, many of whom came for their health and speak very much in praise of the climate. Even our little friend Jinkell was induced to come about a year and half since for that purpose, and has succeeded in finding it. He has been troubled with a complaint on his chest ever since he left Quebec, but it has now quite left him. This he says was his only object in applying for a Commission in the 80th, as his Physician told him his cough would terminate in a consumption if he did not try a warm climate.

This last month has been very gay, and we have been to several Balls and Dinner Parties. We dined about a fortnight since at Sir Manly Power's (the Lieutenant-Governor's), and in the evening went with him and the rest of the party to a Ball at the Public Rooms.

During the Carnival there are frequent Masquerade Balls, of which the Maltese are exceedingly fond. They are given at the Theatre. The Masques assemble in the pit and dance Quadrilles and Waltzes, and those who do not wish to go in character occupy the boxes. We, of course, were among this number.

To-night there is to be a fancy dress Ball at the Public Rooms with which I hope we shall be better pleased, as we go as a party concerned, and *not* as lookers on. I have determined, as I have my pretty plaid silk dress, to wear it. It will answer every purpose and save any other expense than a Scotch Bonnet which I am getting made. I should have worn Nancy's but it is too small. I think myself fortunate in having brought this dress with me as our trunks have not yet arrived from England, and in consequence of this we have been put

to great inconvenience as we have nothing but our black dresses. The month the mourning for Sir Thomas Maitland lasted they did very well (you have heard he died suddenly on the very day we sailed from Marseilles), but now that all the ladies are coming out smart, in what in Quebec would be the *summer costume*, we shall be obliged to get some made.

We cannot imagine what detains the ship, as it is nearly three months since she was to sail from London, and we feel a little apprehensive that she will be a prize for the Algerines, as they have lately declared war with England. We cannot bear the idea of their *black Ladyships* getting our pretty white silk Bonnets and Feathers, as they will not be at all becoming to them! Perhaps she may have put in at Gibraltar for a convoy. With this idea our hopes are kept alive, otherwise we should be quite in despair, as we did not bring even so much as a necklace, supposing that if we did not find them here waiting for us they would arrive shortly after.

2nd.—The Ball last night was very splendid, and the Ladies' dresses were extremely rich, and some of them elegant. One Lady, a

Grecian, had a sett of Diamonds which cost *five thousand Dollars*! The clasp for the waist was immense and the Bracelets about three inches in depth and studded with Diamonds. The Necklace, Brooch, Earrings, and Ornaments for the hair all corresponded, and what added to the effect was that they were worn by a beautiful and unaffected woman. Another Lady wore a sett which cost three thousand Dollars. They were very elegant, but not to be compared to the others.

We had lots of fun. Some Gentlemen went in characters of Clowns and Blue Devils and afforded great amusement. As you will be at a loss to know what Blue Devils are I must describe them. They were completely cased in blue nankeen, with horns on their heads, and *a hole behind where their tails came through*!

It is the custom here for the lower classes to Masque in the streets the three last days of the Carnival, which commenced on Sunday afternoon and continues until this evening. We went to the Palace this morning to see them, but there was no amusement. We only saw a number of people with dresses and masks ugly enough for Scare Crows! Sometimes,

I am told, it is amusing and goes off with great spirit, but this year it was dull and stupid. The only thing worth seeing was a man riding a Camel. This uncouth-looking animal is the only one on the Island—it has an ugly hump on its back and its feet are shaped like those of an ox. It is employed in working a mill.

We are anxiously looking for the English Packet in hopes of hearing from home, not having received a line since December. Did you make use of the verse I copied for your Sampler? Pray be very particular in giving us all the news, both domestic and public.

6th.—Mr. Richards and Mr. Jinkell have both been sitting here with us this morning. They desire their kindest remembrances to my mother and the rest of the family.

If James' books have not already left Quebec I wish you would send the pieces of hair of all the family that I left either in the looking-glass or in one of my small drawers, as I wish to have them sett in a locket. Only send a part of what is in the newspaper and divide the rest among you. Do not forget this request as I am anxious to have it done. Only imagine

that when we write by the way of England our letters will in all probability be three months old before you get them, but through the States there is a chance of their reaching you a month sooner.

Elizabeth and myself take lessons three times a week in Italian. It is an easy language to learn as every word is pronounced exactly as it is spelt. We have not made much progress, but our teacher says that when we have the verbs perfectly we shall get on more rapidly. Remember me to all friends and believe me, my dear little Ann, your affectionate sister.

ARABELLA.

From the Diary.

March 23rd, 1824.

At last the long looked for Packet has arrived with our trunks, and letters for James and Elizabeth. No letter for me, but I cannot feel quite forgotten, for the good ship brought me a much delayed *Valentine*.

At first when I looked at it I thought it was intended for a joke, it is so crude—no lace

paper or fancy decorations—but since then I have been wearing my *Thinking Cap*, and of course I can understand why this was not more elegantly finished. It is *home-made*, which goes to prove that Henry must be following the Surgeon's orders and so is quite unable to go out or move about. In fact the little Cupid in the centre is reclining. I think he must have had a troublesome time to find so suitable a decoration, but just to you alone I will say —poor Cupid looks like Moses in the Bulrushes! The verses are very tender, and I already know them by heart:

I love thee; I have sought to quell
That hopeless love in vain—
And now we part, I may not ask
To look on thee again.

Forget me as a withered flower
Upon the waters cast!
Thy memory on my Soul shall dwell,
Like tones of music past!

I really feel anxious when I view the wreath of flowers with which this is surrounded, for I am afraid, by the finish of the same, he must be in a very helpless condition!

Poor Henry, how I wish I could send him some small token to let him know I received his Valentine—I believe when I write to Lady Seymour I will just mention the fact that the good St. Valentine *thought* of me, though I have had no letters, and he will understand.

To Dr. John Stuart, Quebec.

MALTA,
May 30th, 1824.

Most happy am I, my dearest John, in addressing you. Affection has long been urging me to do so, and I should have followed its dictates had I not deemed it an unnecessary tax upon your purse, and I take it for granted that if my sisters find anything particularly interesting in my epistles that you soon become the happy possessor.—But now, being made happy by the reception of your letter written in December, I no longer hesitate.

In the hope that it will afford you some amusement, I have formed the idea of giving you a little description of this Island. My knowledge of it is not very extensive, but with what we have seen we are much pleased.

Though our surroundings at home had prepared us for such a sight, on approaching it we were astonished at the immense fortifications. They are high and very strong and appear as if they would last to the end of time, but not as majestic and beautiful as Quebec. The entrance to the great harbour is narrow, but fortunately we came in with a fair wind. The sun was shining and a great number of persons were amusing themselves by rowing in small boats covered with awnings. The bells were ringing for Church, which added much to the gaiety of the scene. In addition to all this, the delight we felt at the thought of being again on *terra firma* made us forget the want of comfort on board the French Brig.

I had not been out of my berth for four days owing to the high wind, which made the vessel roll so much that it was almost impossible to stand, and with difficulty we kept ourselves in bed. I was so completely exhausted from sea-sickness and the want of fresh air that I had scarcely resolution to move, but on hearing in the morning that in two or three hours we should be at the end of our voyage, I made a *desperate* effort and *crawled* out, but was obliged

to make the best of my way to my sister's bed on the stateroom floor, which she had placed there for the comfort of the children, as the berths were too narrow for more than one person. I staid there for some time, took some wine and water, and then *mustered* courage to put my pelisse over my night gown and go upon deck, and immediately felt better.

When the vessel anchored a message came for us to go on shore to the Health Office. We asked for time to finish dressing, but they said the boat was waiting and we must go immediately. We did not like this very much you may be sure ; however, as we were obliged to obey, we comforted ourselves by thinking that " Beauty, when unadorned, adorned the most." As it happened, we were only required to make our appearance on deck. The certificates of health which we had brought from Marseilles were sent to the office, and this was all that was necessary.

On landing we had to ascend two hundred and thirty steps. The ascent is gradual, as each step is not more than three or four inches in height and nearly two feet broad. It gave me an idea of what the poor culprits must

suffer in a tread-mill. If you have not seen one, imagine yourself going up the whispering gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The City of Valetta is built on a hill and every street has a flight of steps, on each side, of the above description. They are all paved in the middle and some of them with lava from Mount Etna. They are in general very narrow, but are kept remarkably clean, and are swept every morning by the convicts. We passed some of them one day at this employment. They had chains on their legs and a Sentry standing by them with a drawn bayonet. Notwithstanding this, one of them looked quite impudent and beckoned to us, and another stopped to beg. We, of course, did not give them anything, supposing them to be undeserving, but made the best of our way out of hearing.

The houses are lofty, but have usually only two storys. The upper one is occupied by the family, and the first, or rather ground floor, is converted into servants' rooms, a kitchen, and a stable for the mule. Each house is provided with an excellent well of water, and the water is conveyed to them by pipes from

a distance of eight or nine miles. This is absolutely necessary to prevent the plague, for the Maltese are not very neat; indeed, quite the reverse.

Our house is delightfully situated near the sea-side. On the first or ground floor is the kitchen, servants' rooms, and Calisse House; on the second, or mezzanina, the bedrooms, dressing rooms, store room, butler's pantry, and a most splendid nursery, twenty-eight feet by twenty. On the upper floor two drawing rooms, a dining room, James' study, and a small breakfast room, and what in this climate is most luxurious, we have a fine terrace which commands an extensive view of the Sea. Elizabeth looks forward to entertaining here to her heart's desire.

We are pleased with Malta; as yet the only thing we have to dread is the extreme heat, which has not yet commenced. We have fruits and vegetables and flowers in great abundance and quite cheap, but not any *country*—the little soil there is here is made the most of, for there are three crops gathered every year.

Our old friend Mr. Jinkell calls frequently

to see us (who always, by the way, desires to be remembered to you). He plays so much with Nancy that she has given him the appellation of a "pretty Boy"! a name which she often hears us apply to her brother, but it will not be long before she loses her frolics with him as he expects soon to obtain a twelve months' leave of absence from his Regiment.

I hope you are not working too hard. It is just this time there is so much sickness in our town, and I can fancy I see you trudging out late at night through the snow and slush to give aid to some poor sufferer. Write often and soon, and send your letters direct to Bainbridge and Brown, who will forward them. Believe me, with deepest affection, your sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

P.S.—Your suggestion that I may need pocket money to keep me *in snuff* is a good one!—A.

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MALTA,

June 21st, 1824.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Having some leisure time on my hands to-day, I embrace the opportunity

to write to you. It is now a fortnight since the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings, with their family, arrived here. The family consists of four daughters and a son (Lord Rawdon, a fine young man of eighteen), and a Miss Rainsford, a friend of the Marchioness. Only one daughter, Lady Flora, is introduced. The Maltese have been enthusiastic in their attentions to them. Sir Manly Power gave a ball at which all the principal inhabitants were introduced. The Marquis is a tall, erect, fine looking man upwards of seventy years of age, most accomplished, and elegant manners which we may naturally expect, as he has long been a personal and intimate friend of his present Majesty. The Marchioness is a fine looking person, about forty years of age, and possesses very pleasing and dignified manners. They will no doubt add much to the Society here, as a Lady Governess was much wanted.

The Marquis, has begun to give dinner parties and James dines with him to-morrow at half past three o'clock, the summer dinner hour at Malta. The Marchioness intends giving evening parties twice a week at the Palace of St. Antonio, about five miles from

town, where the gardens for an evening Promenade are very beautiful.

Elizabeth has just suggested I allow her to continue this letter as it is so long since she has written, so I will bid you farewell and retire in her favour. With love to you all, your affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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Postscript from Elizabeth Stuart.

MY DEAR MRS. STUART,—At length I write a letter to you from Malta and I hope it will not disappoint you that I have taken the pen from Arabella. For the last six weeks the weather has been most delightful; indeed, quite as warm as you ever have. We sleep on iron bedsteads and mattresses; blankets we have *expelled*. All those, as well as my flannels, I have been obliged to put by in trunks with sheets of paper dipped in turpentine to preserve them from an insect more destructive than the moth (the name I cannot recollect), which little plague destroys everything excepting linen; very soon none of our wearing apparel will be safe from them unless closely

covered with that article. Several ladies have told me of dresses and lace which they have had totally ruined by them in the short space of twenty-four hours.

The Maltese are an industrious and hard-working people and extremely respectful. We have an excellent nurse, and our two servants are man and wife. The man is a treasure; he understands housework, cooking, *preserving*, and pickling, markets well, is a good waiter, and always neat and ready to attend the door. I really have not any more trouble in keeping house than if I were a visitor, and it would be a pleasing reflection for me were you and my other relatives as well provided for on that score, as I well know how much fatigue it would save you. Our washing we give out at one shilling a dozen. When I look at some of my dresses and the children's frocks I wonder at the woman's patience that does them for one penny each.

The Baby is a lovely fine fellow and in looks exceedingly like his father. I left his caps off two months since, his hair is so pretty I did not like it should be hidden. He can creep on his hands and feet from one end of the house

to the other and walks surprisingly well with a little assistance; he has worn out one pair of leather shoes already.

Our sweet little Nancy is just as engaging as ever. She looks well and grows fast, but does not speak plain English; with a French nurse and hearing the Italian language occasionally spoken it will be some time before she does—she mixes the French and English together. *She* also resembles her father and is a prodigious pet. But I shall tire you, and I will remember our brother John's observation that "Elizabeth thinks there are no children like her own." If wishing could waft them to you that they might speak for themselves they should be with you forthwith.

We have received every kind of attention from the English inhabitants. Even again and again, although we have not yet been able to give any returns, though we are hoping soon to do our share. The Commissary General and Mrs. Babbit, who were formerly at Halifax in Nova Scotia, have been most friendly. Mrs. Babbit is to come early to-morrow to spend the day with us; they prefer visiting in that social manner, her state of health being

precarious—although to appearance in the best. She lives in constant apprehension of apoplexy.

I have endeavoured, my dear Mrs. Stuart, to make this letter interesting. I take my turn to write but seldom as my good husband has the happy faculty of writing so much better than myself. Believe me, yours very affectionately,

ELIZABETH STUART.

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MALTA,

September 1st, 1824.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—This morning, for want of a new letter, I sat down and read over all the old ones that I have received since I left home.

I wrote to Mary Seymour in the Spring, but as they talked of a visit to the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, I did not venture another for fear that it would travel over the greater part of England and at length reach them with an encumbrance of twenty or thirty shillings of postage.

Our letters to you go free of expense—at least, so I hope, for they are sent to England in the Government bag, enclosed to Mr.

Bainbridge, who is requested to forward them to Quebec in the same bag. I wish you could make interest with the President or Governor to put yours into the Government bag, and then we should be sure to get them. You have only to ask, and I doubt not it will be done! However, do not let the postage prevent your writing, as I would rather pay six shillings for each than not hear from you. This puts me in mind that I shall draw for my pension, nine pounds sterling, either this month or the next. James has promised to fill up the papers which were given him and to send an order to Bainbridge and Brown to receive it. Nine pounds sterling is exactly ten pounds ten shillings this currency.

Last evening we were at a splendid entertainment given to the Marchioness of Hastings by the Merchants. The decorations were under the immediate direction of M. Bong, the French Consul, who displayed great taste. The supper, which was sumptuous, was laid out in a large hall converted into a *Temple of Flora*, and illuminated in a most brilliant manner with Chinese coloured lanterns, suspended from the top by festoons of flowers.

The roof was supported by transparent fluted columns, which had a great effect, and on each side of the Hall were allegorical devices, and the arms emblazoned of the families of Hastings and Loudoun. At the upper end of the tables was a little fountain so contrived that it threw the water up about three feet without the least inconvenience to the guests. In short, there was an elegance in the whole which my description cannot do justice to. We had plenty of dancing, notwithstanding there were about five hundred persons, and every one looked happy.

The street from the Palais to the building where the entertainment was given was illuminated by lamps tastefully placed on temporary columns erected for the occasion, and at the extremity was a beautiful Arch, which had a grand and imposing appearance. The columns on each side of the street, when seen at a little distance, gave it the appearance of a graceful drapery.

When I am in the midst of such gaieties I cannot bear to think of my sisters living in that out-of-the-way corner of the world where their ideas cannot extend beyond Beauport,

and yet, when I was there I did not wish to leave it, and would be happy again surrounded by all my friends, but I often think of Miss Price's remark, "that living in Canada was merely vegetating!"

The Marchioness of Hastings continues her Conversaziones, or Evenings at Home, every Thursday—this makes it pleasant and brings the society together. We generally go once a fortnight, make our *courtesies* to her Ladyship, and walk through the rooms and chat with our acquaintance. Tea and ice creams are handed round, and a variety of other refreshments arranged on tables in one of the rooms. To these the Maltese do great justice, and you would suppose to look at them that they had fasted for two or three days before!

Ice cream is made here in great perfection and eaten in large quantities. It is not thought at all dangerous to eat it after dancing, or when otherwise very much heated! The ice is brought from Mount Etna and the person who provides it is under a heavy penalty if he should be without.

The weather is now delightful, but .the mosquitoes and sand flies have been very

tormenting all the summer. Every person sleeps with a mosquito nett over their beds. This is a thin gauze which prevents these little *animals* from getting in and at the same time admits the air. You will scarcely think it credible that the heat has been so excessive as to melt the rosin on the bottles in the cellar where the sun could not get near them!

I must now bid you adieu. With fond love, believe me, your affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA M. STUART.

From the Diary.

September 2nd.

Poor Diary! you seem to get but little attention, but you are so very small, I must reserve you for serious thoughts on especial occasions. This day is my twenty-first birthday, and a very happy one. Being Sunday, there was no gay party, but I was not forgotten, for James and Elizabeth gave me a gold chain—so delicate and beautifully wrought I must always handle it with care—and on it hangs a locket shaped like a heart, decorated with a forget-me-not set with Turquoise, and within it the

children's hair entwined. This from the Pets, of course, who were very proud of their gift. I know I am remembered too in my dear home, and being a Sunday, if I had been there we would have kept my birthday yesterday and there would have been a pic-nic in the woods near the old Château. I wonder if any one else thought of me! Time alone will prove that, and it may take six weeks for a letter to come from England! Two years ago I spent my birthday in Quebec, last year at Valehurst, this year in Malta. Where next, I wonder? Perhaps Jerusalem or the Great Sahara! And when I think such thoughts,

> It seems for me a fitting name would be
> Arabella Mary, The Human Flea!

"In Youth, how wide the Field of Hope."

From Henry Seymour,
Subaltern, His Majesty's Staff Corps.
(*Received about October 15th.*)

HYTHE,
September 2nd, 1824.

MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE ARABELLA,—At last it is that auspicious date, September the

Second, and according to contract I may take my pen and write to you. Felicitations to you and also to myself that the happy day has at length arrived. The months that have passed since we parted have seemed years, especially the first three, when I was absolutely *hors de combat* and, I fear, a great trial to my family, for no one could call me a *patient* patient. It was during this time my mother and Mary heard from you, and it was pleasant to know you had arrived at Malta safely and were pleased with your surroundings. I am told St. Valentine remembered you, and all I can say is that I happen to know his "*Amanuensis*" could scarcely write he was in such a constrained position. However, it was all for the best, and I am glad to say by April I began to walk, and in June returned to Hythe, and hope I may never again have to ask for sick leave.

To prove to you how well I now am, I left Hythe yesterday morning at eight o'clock and drove in a gig of the kind called a Stanhope (which I believe is a family name of yours) to Dover, walked all over and under the Castle and Western Heights, saw Cæsar's Watch

Tower and Sword, and Queen Anne's Pocket Piece—a monstrous pocket she must have had too, the Piece being 22 feet long; and what a *whopper* she must have been to carry it! This is all to prove to you I am no longer the *poor*, *miserable*, *sickly* fellow who bid you farewell last December.

You of course have heard of Mary's marriage to Charles Gordon in July. You were right in foretelling this when he made his appearance at Valehurst last Autumn—all was clear sailing for him, lucky dog—a brief engagement and a gay marriage—then off to France, and now they are in London. I believe their plan is to leave for Canada in October. Who knows but what I may go with them? I have had high hopes that, being on the Staff Corps, I might be ordered to Malta, but now it is given out that none are required there and it seems likely I may go to Montreal. The irony of Fate if this should prove true! Having two Sisters living there will of course be considered a great advantage by my parents, and I am well aware will give cause for me to be envied by many others, but I wish I might hope for an Island in the Mediterranean.

The garden was full of bloom when I went to Valehurſt for Mary's Wedding, and *especially* did I think of you as I walked in it.—I pictured you seated in the bower and myself gathering you a nosegay, and decided it should be entirely of Blushing Roses. By the bye, what of the lines we found for your Siſter Ann's Sampler, were they approved of by her elders and betters ?

This is Sunday and I am taking time between the services to write to you. On this Sunday laſt year you and I were at Valehurſt ; when shall we be there again ? Those were happy days.

This is but a short letter, but how can I write when the one subject I would speak of is forbidden ?

You will probably hear from Harriet of my movements if I leave England—and I will send you a paper. This will not be called breaking my promise, I know. Poor Harriet is feeling quite forlorn. Nesbitt was appointed to the 40th Regiment in March laſt and sailed soon after Mary's Wedding for New South Wales—and likely to be there five years ! On account of the children she could not go with him.

May I now wish you many happy returns of this noble day, and hope that by the time another comes I may no longer be a *Sub.* and will then have the privilege of addressing you exactly as I wish! Adieu, my dear Mademoiselle, yours most sincerely,

HENRY SEYMOUR.

From the Diary.

October 15th, 1824.

The Packet arrived this morning. Still no letters from Quebec and it is hard to understand the reason—it must be the vessels carrying the mails have been lost—but I am in a measure consoled, for my Birthday letter from Henry Seymour arrived—but for all I know he may now be further away than ever, for he tells me there is a chance of his being ordered to Canada. If it only had been *Malta*! But how foolish I am. This would never do if he is to be unburdened with thoughts of me, and with him here on so small an Island how could I have kept myself distant and reserved, and shewn no resentment even should he make love to another—and this is the fate I ordained for

myself when we parted. But his letter does not read as if he wished to make love to another—and perhaps, as he says, another year may bring his promotion.—Arabella Mary, you are a foolish girl! You must try to remember your words of last December. Be a Spartan—and write him a friendly missive and wish him good fortune.—But I surely believe when I go back to Canada he will be ordered to *Malta*!

MALTA,
December 15th, 1824.

MY DEAR EMILY,—I long ago threatened, or rather promised you, an epistle, and have only been waiting for your turn to come that I might be as good as my word. As the time has at length arrived and the commencement made, which by the bye I consider the most difficult part of letter writing, you will, I think, most probably receive it about three months from this date.

Were you not a little surprised to hear of Mary Seymour's Marriage? I was at the Seymours' last Autumn when Mr. Gordon

arrived from Montreal, then quite a stranger to the family. He brought long letters from Mrs. Forsyth, in which he was spoken of in the highest terms, and I have not the slightest doubt that at the time he left his native country he had the *Lady in his eye*. Mr. Gordon, I understand, was appointed Attorney-General or to some such Post in Montreal and was to go out this Autumn. If this is correct, it is probable that they have arrived ere this.

I suppose by this time your Winter amusements have commenced and you are all as gay as larks. Have you a skating club? Are the Winter Quadrilles going on? How are my old friends of the 70th?

Nothing new has occurred here excepting that I have refused one invitation to a dance for this evening. We have a large dinner party at home to-morrow, dine out the next day, perhaps go to the opera the following evening, which will end this week. On Monday we are engaged for a Ball, Tuesday our Opera Night, on Wednesday another Ball. This will give you some idea of the gaiety of Malta, but I assure you it is only the *beginning*.

Last week we were invited by the French

Consul to the Jesuit Church, to assist in the funeral service for the blessed repose of the late King of France. The Marquis attended, and a great number of Ladies and Gentlemen. The Church was hung in black cloth, and a Cenotaph erected in front of the Altar. The music was very solemn, and during the service minute guns were fired, High Mass was performed, and a great deal of ceremony gone through. The whole was concluded by an oration. The next day we went to return thanks for the accession of Charles the Tenth —of course, everything wore quite a different appearance. Every person went in their gayest dresses, instead of mourning as the day before, the bells were ringing, the Church was hung in crimson Damask, the pillars encircled by wreaths of flowers. The music was cheerful, but the rest of the ceremony seemed to me to be the same. So much for my ignorance!

This is a most lovely day and we are sitting with the windows open. Yesterday for the first time we had a fire, but to-day it is not necessary. I wish your winters were like ours, but I suppose at this moment you are seated close to a large fire and quite dread the

thought of leaving it. Would you believe that I have not worn a cloth Pelisse except in travelling since I left Quebec !

As Christmas is very near at hand I think I may wish you a very merry one, and many happy returns of the approaching New Year. We shall not fail to drink your health on each day in a bumper, and will comfort ourselves in our absence from our dear mother's table by thinking you are enjoying a good fire and the society of a few friends.

Last Christmas we spent at an Hotel in Paris and New Year's Day at Lyons. This we shall spend at home, as Elizabeth has invited Mr. and Mrs. Babbit of the Commissariat to dine with us. I regret to say they are to leave Malta for England in February. The climate does not agree with the latter, which obliged Mr. B. to request to be relieved, and his successor arrived in the last Packet.

Give my most affectionate kind love to all and believe me, my dear Emily, your very devoted sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

PARCEL NO. 6

Malta, 1825.

LA

A letter from Miss Jane Seymour of Halifax, describing a visit to a Land which may be likened to a Naughty Boy who has run away from the Discipline of the Parental Roof, and, though now fifty years older, shews no sign of returning as the Prodigal should, garbed in Repentance and Rags ; therefore must be treated with SCORN !

(*Received January 15th*, 1825.)

NEW YORK,
September 28th, 1824.

MY DEAR ARABELLA,—I must address this to you in return for your long and interesting epistle I received in time for Christmas. I have no doubt you will be a little surprised when you look at the date of this letter, but it is nevertheless true that I am at this moment in a house situated on Broadway in the City of New York !

I am delighted with the country I have passed through ; it far exceeds my expectations. Though there is a want of regularity in laying out the streets, yet the houses are so neat, the trees about them so beautiful, and there is so much to be seen and heard, that if it only belonged to *King George*, and the people would

leave off smoking and drawling "Now, Sir" when asked a question, I should be perfectly contented to remain here forever—unless it should please some rich body to leave me a fortune sufficient to enable me to travel the remainder of my days!

We left Halifax on the 6th and landed at Eastport the next day in a heavy rain. On the Saturday following we took the Steamer *Mary* for Boston, where we arrived on Tuesday, having touched at Belfast, Portland, and Portsmouth.

At Boston we remained three days and were almost dissolved—it was intensely hot, and we were told the only three warm days they had had. The country round Boston is very fine, but the town itself I do not admire. The streets are so narrow, they have more the appearance of lanes. We had letters of introduction from our friend General Coffin to two families of Amorys; they of course called, as did also some relations of theirs—Dr. Dexter's family. The latter invited us to spend that evening, Wednesday, at their house, which we did very pleasantly. Mrs. John Amory invited us to spend the next evening at Watertown, 6 miles from Boston, and on the

morning of that day, as we were going to return a visit at Mrs. Thomas Amory's, we met Mrs. Nat. Amory coming to call on us. She insisted on our driving to her house at New Town, and after dinner we proceeded to Watertown to tea.

We have quite a pleasant society in the house where we are boarding. We went on Monday evening accompanied by some of the Gentlemen to the Castle Garden to see an exhibition of the fireworks. The Falls of Niagara were represented. This Castle Garden, as they call it, was fitted up for the La Fayettes.[1] I am weary of the name of the man; every newspaper is filled with his movements, and of course I feel no interest in what concerns him!

Last night we were at the Chatham Garden Theatre and saw *The West Indian* performed. This I liked, but the after piece, *Thérèse, or the Orphan of Geneva*, was quite too tragic for me. I never will voluntarily go to see tragedy, and I see no sense in going to a place to have one's spirits depressed. To-night we are going

[1] The Marquis de La Fayette was, on the invitation of Congress, a much fêted guest of the United States in 1824–1825, in recognition of the aid he had given the Colonists in the War of Independence in 1777.

to the Park Theatre to see a celebrated piece called *The Cataract of the Ganges*—here we shall meet the Fashionables. Last night all the *Yankee Doodles* were dressed out in their Bonnets!

This is, I am sorry to say, my last day in New York, and what makes it more distressing is that it is raining and I have a great deal to see. I spent Tuesday morning at the Museum and was very much interested. Nothing but the approaching dinner hour could have induced me to leave when I did. If it clears up to-day we are going to the Academy of Fine Arts and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. We visited the one at Hartford and were much gratified.

I forgot to tell you we travelled from Boston to New York in three stages—from Boston to Worcester, where we staid Saturday and Sunday—from thence to Northampton, to Springfield, Hartford, and New Haven, stopping a day or two at each place.

The people here are very early—ever since I left home till I arrived here I have breakfasted at seven, dined at one, and taken tea at seven; the consequence was I was never hungry when I sat down to my meals, and I always felt hungry at my accustomed hours of

feeding. Here they are rather more rational; they breakfast at eight, dine at three, and tea is made a regular meal. They have meat, potatoes, and pickles—in short, you would suppose to see the people eat that they expected a famine!

I dined out yesterday and was absolutely *stuffed*. Saying "No" is out of the question, you must take whatever is offered—and such loads! I was helped to a piece of plum pudding at dinner (notwithstanding my repeated assurances it was a thing I never eat) that would have been quite sufficient for a hungry man's meal. Out of politeness I ate a mouthful or two, but this was hardly down before an immense plate of custard (another thing I dislike) was placed before me, then a couple of pounds of grapes; and hardly had I tasted these before the Gentleman next me insisted on my having an apple with him, which he had pared himself, and which certainly looked tempting. I found the only way for me to do was to surrender at discretion. How I got to the Theatre after all this I know not; it was all I could do to move.

I went out yesterday to buy a cashmere shawl for Mamma, but I could not contrive how to

smuggle so large an article in to Halifax, they are so ridiculously ſtrict. I was therefore obliged to content myself with a cambric crêpe scarf which I know Mamma wished for often in the Summer.

I will now take my leave of you, my dear Arabella, though much againſt my inclination, but I find if I interline my letter with black ink I shall try your eyesight a little too much and I have no red. I really believe I could scribble this hour (that is if it continues to rain so long), though I much doubt whether I should find you willing to peruse so much ridiculous ſtuff. I fancy we shall have a large party for the Theatre this evening—I hope so, for it is not pleasant for ſtrangers to go alone.

I should like to continue my journey and go to Montreal by Stage and return home by way of the St. Lawrence—ſtopping, of course, at Quebec—but Papa will not be persuaded, and declares he is not equal to an expedition around the world! He joins me in kind love to you and James and Elizabeth and the dear children. I hope sweet little Nancy has not forgotten Aunt Janey. Believe me, yours affectionately,

JANE S. SEYMOUR.

P.S.—I hear my Cousin Mary is lately married and will live in Montreal.

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MALTA,
February 1st, 1825.

MY DEAR BROTHER ANDREW,—As I have written to my dear Mother and all my Brothers and Sisters excepting yourself, without receiving an answer to one of my epistles, I have determined to try what better success I shall have with you. This is certainly a very unpolite way of commencing a correspondence and I fear you will think me very unkind, but the trouble is I am sending this, not because I have anything to say, but to shew you that we are still in existence, and by so doing I hope to induce you to follow my praiseworthy example.

Only imagine that if *you* were three or four thousand miles from home, what a comfort it would be to hear that *your* friends were well, and then fancy to yourself how much anxiety we have felt by your silence.

Pray brighten up your ideas, my dear Andrew, and tell us how you spent the year 1824. If you cannot recollect, refer to my letters and answer the many questions that I

have put to you. I know how it is with you—things occur and you think them too trifling to mention, but as we are acquainted with all the people in Quebec and Montreal, if not personally, by name, of course we take an interest in what concerns them.

Do not think because James' friends write that there is no reason for you doing the same; their letters are always on business and they never say more than that you are well, and not always this, for I suppose that they take it for granted that we hear it from yourselves.

If you have no other inducement, I hope you will write that I may not have the mortification of saying "No" when asked if I have heard from my friends by the Packet. I assure you it has made me blush so often, that I now almost dread the arrival of the Packets lest I should have to repeat the same. If it was not that Mr. Brown occasionally informs James of what he hears concerning Quebec we should think that you had been swallowed up by an earthquake, or some other dreadful calamity had befallen you.

This reminds me of a most distressing account which has just reached us from Santa

Maria, one of the Ionian Islands—nearly the whole of the Island was destroyed on the nineteenth ultimo by an earthquake. Report says that every building in the town, excepting one Church and the Custom House, were levelled with the ground—that five and twenty bodies had been found in them, and nineteen in one of the villages, but it was feared that many more would be dug out of the ruins! Fortunately it happened in the middle of the day, and on a Festa or Festival when most of the inhabitants were out of town, otherwise many more would have been crushed in the ruins. An express boat was immediately sent to Corfu for provisions and H.M.S. *Naiad* has gone up to their relief.

The accounts from every part of the world are melancholy. The elements seem to have combined to destroy. In Edinborough great damage has been done by fire, in England by Fire and Water; at Elza in the Kingdom of Hanover the New Church, 129 houses, and 135 secondary buildings were reduced to ashes on November 18th, and eleven hundred and twenty-nine persons left homeless and in the greatest distress!

By the papers I suppose you have had an account of the destruction by the inundation of Petersburg. The sea and the Neva rose to the height of fifteen feet above its usual level, laying the streets ten feet under water, all the bridges were carried away, the walls of the fortress destroyed and many thousand inhabitants drowned, including the guard, consisting of two whole squadrons of cavalry, horses as well as men! A man of war of a hundred guns was driven from her moorings and forced up the Neva, and a large steamboat into one of the streets. All the food, meat, and bread, laid in for the Winter were destroyed and it is feared that a thaw in the Spring will cause a pestilence.

I must tell you Elizabeth's Sister Jane Seymour wrote me a letter from New York. It at first surprised me a little, as she did not mention who she was with, and I was not certain until I looked at her signature that she had not changed her name—I discovered at last after puzzling my pate that she was with her Father! I received it about a fortnight since.

James received a letter from Mr. Baxter by

the last Packet, dated September 14th, in which he says that he is now a Judge. This means that Catherine will have a busy Winter, for we know he will lose no time in establishing himself as a leading citizen.

Tell my dear Mother and Brother not to be uneasy about me—I have not spent a farthing of my allowance for the year 1824, and have just signed an order for 1825. I drew for my last year's allowance two or three months ago, but as I did not know whether to put 1823 or 1824, and consequently put the former, it was returned; however, it is now all settled and I am directed to draw for it whenever it is convenient.

This is Catherine's birthday and I should have written to her, but will ask you to convey to her my love and best wishes. Give our most affectionate kind love to my dear Mother, Sisters and Brothers and excuse me if I have said anything to hurt your feelings. I have no time to rectify mistakes as the mail is to be made up immediately. The January 2nd Packet has not yet arrived. Believe me my dear Andrew, your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

We are all well and the little pets continue to improve. I should like to know how many prizes you have had since I saw you. I hope your library continues to increase. I must again, my dear Andrew, beg you to forgive this scolding epistle and assure you that I do not feel at all satisfied with myself in having written it, but promise you never to do so again. A.

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A Letter from Mrs. Nesbitt
(*Received about April* 10*th*).

VALEHURST,
February 28*th*, 1825.

MY DEAR ARABELLA,—Your letter of January 7th reached us yesterday and afforded my Mother and myself the most sincere pleasure, as it assured us of the health and welfare of your little circle, in which we must always feel a warm interest. "My little giddy Mary" (Mama says) did receive a letter from you in May last, but her head was so full of various other things that she could spare but few ideas for a friend. Indeed, from the time she was engaged (which was from the beginning of April), until she was married in July, she was in

a constant twirl—never three weeks in one place; and still worse after she was married, as Mr. Gordon was determined she should see as much of France and England as their time would admit of. Hamilton and myself were of their party to the Continent, and after visiting the South we went to Paris, where we passed a most delightful three weeks, then joined my mother at her cottage in Walmer for a few days. After which they visited London and its neighbourhood for three weeks more, then proceeded to the Isle of Wight, where they embarked for New York, and arrived in safety on November 12th, after a very boisterous passage of thirty-five days.

You will be surprised to hear that Henry accompanied them. He received orders to proceed to Montreal at the beginning of October, which was a fortunate thing, for there is nothing like good company in taking such a voyage.

We have frequently heard from Mary since she reached Montreal, where she says she is as happy as she can be anywhere out of England. I assure you she often thought and spoke of you, reproaching herself at the same time for her neglect in not writing to you.

My dear father is well. My mother was obliged to leave her cottage on the coast of Kent, which she opened after Mary's wedding, and come here for the Winter—she found the air disagreed with her there so much. It is unfortunate, as it really is a most beautiful and delightful little residence, but she has made up her mind not to return there, and my father says he will give the place to Hamilton when he gets a wife, though we see no immediate prospect of this. Where Mama will next pitch her tent, or whether she will continue at Valehurst, is impossible to say, as she appears to have no fixed plans and is most restless, which I cannot help regretting, as I think at her time of life, and with her delicate health, it is very necessary that she should be stationary for the remainder of her days.

We have not had any late letters from dear Sophy, which causes us much anxiety, as we saw, nearly two months since in the *Bengal Gazette*, her confinement of a daughter in July last. But I hear there is a ship hourly expected from Ceylon when we shall hope to get letters. My brother Hamilton sailed for Africa in December for a three years' cruise and I am

the only one of our numerous family left in England. My poor husband was appointed to the 40th Regiment in March last, and sailed the July following to join it in *New South Wales*. I was anxious to accompany him, but he would not hear of our both leaving the children, and to take them was impossible; but we have every hope that his absence, at farthest, will not be longer than five years. And that, you will say, is a long time to look forward to! In June next, if I live so long, I purpose going to the Continent for a year or two with my children. We have determined on Brussels as our headquarters. We frequently hear from Mrs. Macdonald, whose health has much improved since her residence in Gibraltar.

I often most heartily wish myself by your side, and we often talk of the happy Autumn you spent with us at Valehurst. Henry's condition after his trip to London was most trying, and there were times when we thought he would rebel at the Surgeon's orders. He submitted and was rewarded by being able to return to Hythe in June, but I do not feel he is altogether cured. However, change of air may prove beneficial.

I had almost forgotten to say I have heard from the Major from the Cape, and in March I hope to have letters from him from Sydney. Mama says you must continue to write to her when you can spare time, and joins me in love to my dear Cousin, your Brother, and self, and believe me, my dear Arabella, very sincerely yours,

H. NESBITT.

This is a hurried, blundered scrawl!

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MALTA,
April 12th, 1825.

MY DEAR BROTHER ANDREW,—As this day in a manner belongs to you, I think I cannot do better than devote a part of it in wishing you, through the means of pen, ink, and paper, many very happy returns—even as many as you can wish yourself. James is dining at the Palace, but I assure you Elizabeth and myself did not fail to toast you in a bumper. You know wine is not a beverage that I am particularly partial to, but on such an occasion as the present I could not refrain from filling my glass to the brim! To make the day the more remarkable,

and a compliment to Uncle Andrew, Charles for the first time has been trotting about in trousers! He is the sweetest and most good tempered little fellow I ever saw, sings from morning to night, and of all the bairns that I have met with he is the most attractive.

I believe Elizabeth mentioned in her last that the five unfortunate men who were convicted of Piracy were on their trial. They were all found guilty and condemned to death, but the Marquis has since been pleased to commute the sentence, in consequence of their having been recommended to mercy by the Jury—on the ground that they seemed to have been rather blind instruments in the hands of others than the projectors of the piracy. Three are to be transported for the period of their natural lives, and the other two for fourteen years, to such place as His Majesty may direct.

When the sentence of death was passed on those miserable men, they were almost distracted; they burst into tears and called for a Confessor, as their idea was that they were immediately to be led to the gallows, this being the custom of the Greeks. As they were condemned on the Thursday before Good Friday,

they petitioned the Marquis that the execution might not take place till after Easter Sunday. The circumstances attending the trial and the result were such that the whole of the Court were very much affected. There were six taken, but one who was supposed to have been the most guilty hung himself in August last in prison.

I must now, my dear Andrew, take leave of you for the present as I intend to indite a few lines to Emily and Ann on their birthdays and I find I have already encroached too much on my paper.

17*th*.—You being the eldest, my dear Emily, I should have commenced my epistle to you, but as I could not congratulate you on your birthday until to-day, you must come second.

I shall now have the pleasure of giving you a description of a most delightful Ball and Supper given on the thirteenth by the Officers of the 95th Regiment in honour of the presentation of their Colours, which was attended by upwards of four hundred persons. The rooms were beautifully decorated and the tasteful arrangement of the whole reflected great credit

on Major FitzGerald, 95th, under whose superintendence it was conducted.

THE OFFICERS OF THE NINETY-FIFTH REGIMENT

REQUEST THE HONOR OF

Mr & Mrs Stuart & Miss Stuart's

COMPANY TO A DRESS BALL, TO BE GIVEN IN HONOR OF
THE PRESENTATION OF THEIR COLOURS,
AT THE AUBERGE DE PROVENCE
ON WEDNESDAY THE 13TH. INSTANT, AT NINE O'CLOCK.

2nd April 1825.

The Ball was opened by Lady Flora Hastings and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Dudley Hill, 95th, with a *vulgar kitchen hop*. Quadrilles and Waltzes followed, and were kept up until one o'clock, when the Supper room was thrown open. At the upper end, a semi-circular table

was laid on an elevated floor, within a pavilion formed of the flags of H.M.S. *Revenge*, which was occupied by the principal guests. At the entrance of the Pavilion were placed two figures in armour displaying the newly presented colours; and trophies, consisting of beautiful specimens of ancient armour, were tastefully arranged over the doorway.

The table displayed a most elegant Supper, and the choicest wines, and the decorations were quite in character. The cakes down the centre of the table were ornamented with *soldiers* about four or five inches high, each supporting a colour.

Besides this room, there were three others with long supper tables at which the whole of the company were accommodated. By this display five hundred and twenty head of poultry, including pigeons, lost their lives! and the whole entertainment is said to have cost about four hundred pounds! It would not have been so much had not the supper been provided by the head cook at the Palace, who charged extravagantly for everything, and at the rate of twelve pounds of meat for each guest!

After supper dancing recommenced, and as the *Malta Gazette* announces, " continued with unabated vivacity, till the ruddy streaks of morning warned the fair votaries of Terpsichore to seek the necessary refreshment of their pillows, and they reluctantly quitted the pleasure of the festive scene." It is a fact that many Ladies remained until six in the morning, but your humble servant was at home at what I call the reasonable hour of half past three.

Now for an account of the presentation of the Colours which took place in the morning. At three o'clock the Regiment marched into the Palace Square, and in a few moments after, the Marquis went from the Palace supporting the Marchioness and attended by Lady Flora, Sir Manly Power, the Chaplain of the Garrison, and the whole of the staff. The Regiment having received His Excellency with a Salute, the Colours were placed on the large Drum (an appropriate Altar for the occasion), and the Chaplain commenced the Ceremony of Consecration, in the course of which he read in a solemn and impressive manner a prayer composed by himself for the occasion.

After the Consecration the Marchioness

proceeded to confer upon the Regiment the distinguished honour of presenting them with their Standards. On handing the Colours to the two youngest Ensigns, the Marchioness addressed them in the following words: "Gentlemen, it is with high gratification that I have the honour of delivering these Colours into your charge, and with an ardent wish that a devout veneration for these Emblems of Honour may ever distinguish this Corps, by marked gallantry in the field, and exemplary discipline in the hours of peace. May glory and success attend the Colours of the His Majesty's 95th Regiment, wheresoever they may be displayed." This I have taken from the *Gazette* and I think I cannot do better than continue: "The Regiment then fired a *feu de joie*. They marched past the Governor and the Ceremony concluded with a general salute. Thus ended this imposing and solemn Ceremony, and we venture to say there were few who were not affected by this exhibition, particularly the *fair* portion of those who could not see so fine a body of young men devote themselves with such manifest enthusiasm to the glory of their Country, without feeling a

powerful excitement of that *sympathy* which always exists between the *Brave* and *Beautiful*."

This Regiment is composed of young men, few of them being more than twenty years of age. They suffered very much last summer from this climate, and for several months scarcely one hundred of them were fit for duty, the rest being seriously afflicted with the Ophthalmia.

The day was fine and the houses round the Square were crowded with spectators. We, with a *select* party, were invited to the Palace and saw it from the balconys. "On this occasion Malta seemed to pride herself on pouring forth all her *beauty* and brilliancy to honour the debut of the youthful soldiers."

Adieu, dear Emily; I fear I have left no news for poor Ann.

18*th*.—At length the long looked for anniversary of the day on which my dear little Ann was born has arrived, and I now have the pleasure of wishing you a great many happy returns of it. When I reflect what an old lady this day makes you, and that in all probability you are as tall as myself, I fear I have done wrong in calling you *little*, but never mind, you

know it is nearly two years since I saw you, and I forgot at the moment what a terrible thief time is, and what changes it makes in persons that are growing.

20*th*.—Yesterday we dined at the Palace. There was a party of twenty-six. We were invited for six o'clock, but owing to some mistake in ordering the dinner in time, it was half past seven before it was announced to be on the table. The Marquis and family leave this on the 26th for England. His Lordship finds it necessary to go home to settle some point in regard to his services in the East Indies. It is said they will return in a few months, but of course it cannot be known to a certainty.

24*th*.—Sunday morn. Yesterday His Majesty's birthday was kept. There was a Levee at the Palace at eleven o'clock and at twelve a salute was fired from the Forts. At five James, with eighty other persons, dined with the Marquis, and at one half past eight I went with Elizabeth to a Ball given by the Marchioness. I cannot tell you much more about it than that I spent a most delightful evening. I had the honour of dancing in the first Quadrille with the four Ladies Hastings and Lord Rawdon,

and had a Cousin of the Marchioness for a partner—he belongs to the 95th Regiment.

We only danced till twelve so as not to encroach on Sunday, and after that hour went into the Supper room, but as the Maltese had been in before, the beauty of the table was very much spoilt. They are the most voracious eaters I ever saw. One of the Lord-Lieutenants at a party this winter amused us very much. He drew an immense turkey before him, and actually put the pieces into his mouth as he cut them off, nor did he stop until nothing remained but the bones! He then cast a wistful eye on one that stood opposite to us, but as I believe he was ashamed to ask for it, he put up with a ham which was nearer to him. Last night I saw a Maltese *Lady* take three or four slices of tongue out of a dish and hand it to a *brother* or *beau*; he very politely put them into his mouth and then returned the fork to the dish! They are certainly what my brothers would call a *rum sett*.

The Governor sails on Tuesday. They will be much regretted, as they are a most delightful family, though the Marchioness is thought rather haughty by some.

I must now, my dear Emily, Andrew, and Ann, beg you all to accept our best love. Your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

P.S.—Sir Patrick Ross and family arrived here yesterday from Corfu on their way to England. He is going out as Governor of Antigua.

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MALTA,
August 1*st*, 1825.

I have addressed myself to you, my dear Ann, by way of answering your nice long letter of *May* 1824! It must have been lost and at first I did not realize had been written fourteen months ago. Never mind, I assure you it was not the less welcome and we feel very grateful to you for your kind attention.

Do not think me unkind or severe if I beg of you, when you are speaking of John, to say *my* brother instead of brother; the latter sounds so *Yankeefied*, that now it is mentioned I hope you will leave it off. I am conscious that I used to do the same and thought it very

pretty!—but as I have grown a little more *civilized* I see the impropriety of it. I would not speak of this if I did not feel convinced that a person cannot know their errors unless they are pointed out, and notwithstanding this is a very trifling one it may be laughed at.

So you made use of the verse for your Sampler?—it was good our brother John favoured it, even though Margaret did not. I do not know why she should find fault when it was considered suitable for Sir William Seymour's mother to work. Your idea of embroidering different flowers where the stops should be is a pretty one.

Mr. Babbit of the Commissariat, whom I have spoken of in former letters, has gone out to Montreal on duty. I saw a letter from him the other day in which he says he shall go to Quebec and make a point of seeing our family.

I received a letter from Mr. Price on June 2nd. Amelia still continues to torment the poor old man. He says the lady where he had placed her wrote to him to say that she would not suffer her to remain in her house longer than the end of the quarter—they had

disagreed on various points and Amelia would not give way in the least. She took great pains to persuade her uncle to allow her to find another residence in London, which he refused. At Christmas, therefore, she went to his house, where she was when he wrote, discontented, restless, and disobliging ; her airs of affectation —notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friends—have disgusted him very much and sometimes irritated his feelings beyond endurance. I am truly sorry that the good old man should be so worried with this ungrateful girl. The loss of his brother was a great affliction, but this additional trouble has brought on the gout, which he says his family were subject to, but he hoped to have escaped it.

In April I received a letter from Mrs. Nesbitt—such a *scatteration* as there is in the Seymour family. Mrs. Forsyth, Henry, and Mary are all in Montreal, Mrs. Macdonald in Gibraltar, Sophy in India, and Captain Seymour has sailed for Africa on a three years' cruise. Harriet is still in England and her husband, Major Nesbitt, in New South Wales, where he expects to remain for five years. Small wonder that, as Harriet tells me, poor Lady

Seymour is restless and cannot settle down. I know my dear mother is anxious with the great ocean between herself and two of her flock, but what would she do if all had left her and were scattered over the face of the Globe!

As I have determined not to cross this, the small space which remains warns me that it is time to conclude. With love to all at home, believe me, my dear little Ann, your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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MALTA,
December 15th, 1825.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—In compassion to poor Miss Dudley I take the very first opportunity that offers to answer your amusing epistle of July 25th, which only came into my possession on St. Andrew's Day. Pray tell my good, kind, inquisitive friend that I see no prospect of my entering into the happy state of matrimony, but that should such an event take place I shall lose no time in making her mind easy on that score. I think, with you, it will be a most lamentable case should her days be

shortened by an over strained curiosity. Alas! poor lass, I fear she is destined to belong to the Sisterhood of . . . I must leave you to guess my meaning, as I cannot as yet reconcile myself to commit it to paper. They are such a stiff, prim, precise, and antiquated race of mortals that I would give my fortune and all my silk dresses to escape from their society; but I fear that would be of no avail, as added to my deficiency in the power of pleasing, Malta is not a *marrying* place.

There has been only one wedding since we have been in the Island. It took place a few days since, but as you are unacquainted with the parties it is useless to mention names. This much I will tell you, that the youth is about twenty-three and the age of the Lady, who was a widow, is registered *thirty-two* in the marriage articles. This, I assure you, has caused no small sensation, as some of the *knowing ones* by dint of their memories, and from the age of her eldest daughter, who is eighteen, know her to be forty-three!

The Maltese are making great preparations for the arrival of the Marquis of Hastings, who is daily expected back from England. They

have erected four or five arches ; one of them, I am told, is to have a curtain with an inscription, which, after His Lordship has read, is to be drawn up for the procession to pass through. They have also made two Dolphins in wood, which are to be so managed that, when His Lordship and family step into the boat, they are to rise out of the water, or rather to the top of it, and accompany them to the shore ! Of course we shall have grand illuminations and fireworks in the evening, as the Maltese are not less fond of all this shew and parade than the Marquis himself.

General and Mrs. Woodford arrived a fortnight since. They appear affable and inclined to be very pleasant and have four children, the eldest four and a half years and the youngest nine months. I hear you say " Impossible ! " —but you would not be so much astonished if you lived in Malta for a few months, as here the ladies make an annual presentation to the Island, and Elizabeth is quite out of the fashion. General Woodford is our Lieutenant-Governor.

I suppose it is quite useless to inform you of fashions as you hear more frequently from

England than we do, otherwise I should tell you that the waists are all made full before and behind, the skirts are fulled about a finger length in front and ironed in small plaits about a quarter of a yard in length; the waist is also plaited. Top sleeves are going out and plain long ones are worn made full at the top. The sashes are not tied in bows, but buckled at the left side and the ends left long, nearly to the bottom of the dress. The hair is dressed in full large curls in front and rather off the temples.

I believe I mentioned to you in a former letter that I wished you, Emily, and Ann to make use of my flowers, sashes, and anything else you can find, as it is not worth while to leave them to get old fashioned, and if you like to wear the ring I left in one of my drawers you may take out the hair and replace it with some more valuable to you.

We are all quite well. They say it is old fashioned to send Christmas Compliments—yet the wish of my heart will not be restrained for many, very many happy returns of the Season to you all. Affectionately,

ARABELLA.

P.S.—The Balls are just beginning; there is to be one to-night at Colonel Davison's, on Monday another at Sir Fred. Hankey's, and we are giving one on Wednesday.

"As Cold Waters to a Thirsty Soul, so is
Good News from a Far Country."

Letter from Henry Seymour
(*Received December* 1825).

MONTREAL,
March 20th, 1825.

MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE ARABELLA,—To-day is one long to be remembered, being famous for the *tremendous event* of the reception of my first letter from you—and though I may not send an answer until that distant date—September the second—I cannot resist the impulse to make a beginning.

You received the paper I sent you in September, and I hope my sister Harriet has written you since, giving a few more particulars. I came out with Mary and her husband—a long voyage and a rough one, and I will say for the first time within my memory Mary was subdued. At times we were in great danger,

as Gordon and I both knew, but we made light of it on her account, and at length, after five weeks of discomfort, anxiety, and for many, real suffering, on November 12th reached the Grand City of New York. We stayed only long enough to get our traps through the Custom House and then took the Stage for Albany and from thence to Montreal, arriving on November 19th—a most unpleasant Season for the journey. A little earlier it would have been another story.

We were greeted most affectionately by my sister Anna, but poor Mary was exhausted when she reached her new home. She is now completely settled in her husband's mansion, and finds herself surrounded by every luxury and a most delightful society, of which she is fast becoming the centre.

I have comfortable quarters and the officers of the Garrison are fine young dashing men, and many are old school fellows of mine. They have formed a Sleighing and Skating Club and there are several handsome turnouts among them. Each Member wears a badge and the horses are decorated with sky blue ribbons. The Club gave a dance on the 20th

ult., and a week earlier two of the Regiments a most splendid Ball. I never saw better style anywhere.

Valentines are not the rage in Montreal, but the Staff Corps gave a Quadrille party on Valentine's Day, in the evening, and we talked of Valentines as old acquaintances. There were three Balls in Christmas week, and the Winter Quadrilles take place every fortnight. The Assemblies go on also. Though Lent has made somewhat of a break in the festivities, I will say we have few dull moments.

From all you had told me, and accounts from my sister Anna and Charles Gordon, I never laboured under the impression so many have, that Canada is a wild country and the population chiefly red Indians, but I did not expect such luxury and style, and many is the time, if it were not for the snow and ice, I could well imagine myself in London or *Paris*!

Speaking of snow and ice, I could not have believed so great a quantity were in the world except about the North Pole. Tell me, is Mount Royal a mountain of snow? and have all those giant trees upon it roots embedded in ice?

Three times since I began to write I have read and read again your letter, looking for something I have not yet found, and that is, what you have written *between the lines*. My Lady fair, are you not too severe? I consider I set you so fine an example—to the letter I obeyed your command—and still I know an investigator as clever as yourself, between those carefully written lines, would find symptoms of sickness from which I suffer, and no indication yet that I shew any sign of improvement—and, strange to say, I would not have it otherwise! But wait a moment, I have it now—you too are sending me a sign, for do you not say, "All contained in my missive delighted you"? And surely this means the *thoughts* inspired by my poor words.

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GRENVILLE,[1]

September 1st, 1825.

A day ahead of time, Mademoiselle—but this must be ready for the mail bag which leaves at

[1] Grenville is some fifty miles from Montreal. Evidently troops were employed in constructing the canal, which is still a means of passage to the higher waters of the Ottawa River.

a most unreasonable hour. We came up here on the Ottawa River in April, and are likely to remain six weeks longer, and then back to the gay town! What with Boards of Survey, the Works, and Strangers coming to see us I do not get breathing time, which is a blessing as the days have passed quickly.

Did I ask you in the first part of this if Mount Royal were a mountain of snow? Then, I felt that there never could be anything in this part of the world but Winter; since then I have learned better. Spring came upon us with a rush—the river opened—we were fairly drowned in melting snow—and then behold, green things appeared upon the face of the Earth, and I felt as Noah must when he saw the Flood had abated! Soon after we moved into Camp, and my education continued. I have at last learned the meaning of the word "Heat"—but it agrees with me, and never before have I taken so much exertion and felt less tired. My leg does not fail me in the least, though the knee is still contracted. Advice is a dose always taken but never followed, with one only exception which serves to confirm the general rule—viz. your hints

confirm me in my resolution to take care of myself.

No sign of my getting my Company yet, but you may rest assured I shall not become the dull melancholy Sub. instead of the *jolly* one. Subs. are the only merry fellows in the Army, Huzza! Heave round cheerily, yo-heave-ho! Hope sustains me!—

And now for your bouquet. No exotic blossoms have bloomed about us here, but how about some wild pink roses, and forget-me-nots growing by a little stream, and near our quarters we have a bed of pansies. I believe these would charm you—and would you were here that I might make the presentation, together with my birthday wishes that many returns of the Day may come to you, each one bringing greater happiness than the last.

When we return to town I hope to hear word of you from my sisters. I can scarcely believe this will reach you before December, and then I must wait three months longer for the sight of a hand writing that will make glad the heart of yours,

HENRY SEYMOUR.

From the Diary.

December 25th, 1825.

Christmas again, and a Summer's day, but I find myself craving for the snow and the glorious fire, and the sleigh-bells, and skating and sliding. Is not one who is absent always homesick on Christmas Day? My second letter from Henry arrived on the last Packet, and I have his account of his first Winter in Canada—and already he has begun another! What a great world this is—it is not the miles, or the land, or the sea that makes distances seem so great, but *Time*—the days and weeks and months that pass before the written word can be carried. How can I tell now what actually is taking place in my dear home? Perhaps they are ill, or dying—— Arabella Mary, STOP—this is Christmas Day—go at once and sing Carols to your darlings Nancy and Charles.

PARCEL NO. 7

Malta, 1826.

From the Diary.

March 30th, 1826.

My dear Diary, at last you must know the truth. I have a temper, and a furious one, and it possesses me at this moment. Behold! the Packet comes, and I rejoice because for me there is a letter—eagerly I break the seal, greedily I devour each word, and suddenly my happiness is gone, for Margaret tells me of lies about myself Mrs. Babbit has been repeating—and to think I should have called her *good hearted*! She knew well I would never consider or look at JINGLE—I can only think of her from this time on as a villainous *Gossip*! Words fail me, I can write no more!

MALTA,

April 13th, 1826.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—Your long, gratifying, interesting letter of October 25th to December 12th did not reach us till March 29th. Tho' long coming, I assure you it was most welcome.

I expected to hear of Mr. and Mrs. Babbit's visit to Quebec in September, and want to

thank you all for your hospitality to them, as I know it was for the sake of James and myself, but I am very much provoked with Mrs. Babbit for reporting that I am to be married to Captain Jinkell. It is true that he was often at our house and tried all in his power to convert me, but, as I was determined it should never amount to an offer, I gave him no encouragement, and indeed took every occasion when the subject was mentioned by the Babbits of declaring to them my determination.

Only fancy a person continually preaching about the *folly*, *wickedness*, and *impropriety* of entering into society, and at the same time to be met with at all the gay parties, and what is *worse* than all, *dancing*! This is the character of the person they have so kindly appropriated to me.—No, my dear Margaret, I will never marry a man that I cannot love and respect, and, what is more, he must be respected by others, and not a laughing stock like "*Parson Jingle*." Why, what do you think of not only having my own sins to bear, but also that of being the cause of *his* dancing and keeping late hours? This, declares he, must lay on my shoulders, as he would not have gone if it

had not been for the pleasure of meeting me! Thank fortune I shall not have any more such sins to answer for, as he has sailed for England and is not likely to return, for he has left the Army and turned a perfect *blue preacher*.

As to you, Emily, and Ann, it is time that some of you had made prudent choice of a husband. I hope you are not waiting out of politeness to me, as I can always fight my own way in the world.

I must give you a description of a wedding which took place on March 1st. To begin with, the Gentleman is a Lieutenant of Artillery, his name, Stone. The Lady, Miss Ross, step-daughter of the Barrack Master of this Garrison. They were introduced to each other at a Ball and three weeks after, at another Ball, the question was popped, and the youth was accepted. The license was purchased, and between thirty and forty persons invited to attend the ceremony ten days before it took place. Of course it was no secret, and the day of the Nuptials the street was crowded by Maltese. The company went to Church in Calisses, but after the ceremony someone proposed that they should walk to her father's

house, which they did in their white satin shoes! The distance was not further than two hundred yards, but still, that was enough to gratify the public and make the thing ridiculous.

General and Mrs. Woodford were of the party, and indeed all the forty were of the first families. An elegant champagne breakfast was prepared at her father's, and the bride's maids distributed favours to all the company. They were white satin bows with a little silver lace at each end—these were worn to all the parties that occurred during the week and also at Church the following Sunday. On the evening of the Wedding day her father and mother gave a splendid ball at which I danced till half past four in the morning.

I must tell you that the Bride and bride's maids were dressed in lace dresses with white satin spanners and hats. On the whole it was thought a very ridiculous and ostentatious display, as Mr. Stone is only a second Lieutenant with a hundred a year besides his pay!

We derived great satisfaction as well as information from the fyle of Canadian papers which you sent us. In them we found many

little circumstances which perhaps would not be worth writing, but it gives us pleasure to see even the names of those persons whom we have been in the habit of meeting. I wish my brother would send us his papers when he has quite done with them, tho' they should be six months old.

We have lately had an addition to the Garrison in the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade. They all appear nice young men and ready for all kinds of gaiety.

The mail is to be made up immediately, which obliges me to stop. With love, believe me, your sincere and affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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CITY OF VALETTA, MALTA,
April 19th, 1826.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Our Winter has not been pleasant, but rainy, windy, and cold. Not quite so much as to *freeze us*, neither have we seen snow, but I assure you that after the excessive heat of Summer we are very sensible to the least change.

On January 18th we had a most violent

storm, attended by heavy squalls. A fishing boat with five persons on board was overset at the entrance of the harbour and all perished. Two of them were seen clinging to the buoy for several hours, but the swell was so tremendous that no assistance could be afforded them from the shore, though many witnessed their awful and heartrending situation. Three of them were married men with families, and one of the others, a young man of twenty-two, with a brother and sister depending on him for support. A subscription was opened for the relief of their families and I believe something very handsome was obtained.

H.M. Brig *Algerine* of ten guns was also lost on that day. She was, with other ships, in company with the *Revenge* returning from convoying Mr. Stratford Canning[1] to the Dardanelles on his way to Constantinople. Captain Wemyss had dined with the Admiral, Sir Harry Neale, on board the *Revenge*, and after returning to his own ship, a most violent squall came on suddenly, and the *Algerine* was never more seen. After the storm abated, ships were sent in search of her, and for a long time

[1] British Ambassador to Turkey.

great hopes were entertained that she might have put into some neighbouring port, but, by a vessel which arrived a few days since, we understand that the bodies of several English sailors have been picked up in the Archipelago, and some rings and spars have also been found at sea, on one of which was distinctly seen the name *Algerine*.

Captain Wemyss was lately promoted and had only had the *Algerine* about six months. He was an amiable person and is much regretted. I am told his father and mother are still living, and that he is the fourth or fifth son that they have lost in about eighteen months. Several Midshipmen had fortunately left her the very morning of the day she was lost, to join other ships, and thus narrowly escaped sharing the same fate.

20*th*, 5 *o'clock p.m.*—A most melancholy circumstance has within the last hour occurred. Mr. Wright, the President of Malta, is no more. He has for several months been suffering very severely with the lumbago. He went with Mrs. Wright and their only daughter last Autumn to Sicily, in hopes a change of air might be of service, but I fear that instead of

doing him good that it had rather a contrary effect, as they had unfavourable weather, bad accommodations, and a long passage. He has been gradually decaying ever since, tho' his spirits have been rather better latterly. Yesterday he sat in Court and last evening he was at a musical party at the General's. This morning he dressed himself as usual and then fell down in a state of insensibility, and expired at twenty minutes after four this afternoon. Poor Mrs. Wright was too ill to be with him. Elizabeth and James have gone to offer their assistance. He was a most gentlemanly, good man, and his loss will be severely felt by all, but particularly by James, who had a great deal of business with him and they were always on the best of terms.

The Marquis of Hastings and family returned on March 31st. They were received with every demonstration of respect and affection, and His Lordship was pleased to express his great gratification on what he termed "his return home." This made a great stir in Malta, and nothing else was heard of but illuminations, fireworks, sham fights, and *donkey races*.

April 26th.—A charming day, but not much wind for the Packet. Mr. Wright was buried on the 22nd with Masonic honours. The funeral was hurried as Sunday was the King's Birthday, and it was kept on Monday by the Marquis holding a Levee and Dinner, and the Marchioness a grand Ball and Supper in the evening. James attended the Levee and Dinner, and we all three were at the Ball.

I have been much distressed, my dear Mother, to hear of the absurd story Mrs. Babbit told of myself and Captain Jinkell, and for this reason I wish to tell you at once of something which took place at the Ball on Monday, so you will know the truth from myself, and I know you will safeguard my confidence.

When the Marquis and Marchioness returned from England they were accompanied by a certain titled Gentleman, whom report had it was laying siege to the hand and heart of one of the Ladies Hastings. We later heard she would not listen to him. I have met him several times, and have been sometimes astonished at the notice he took of me, but thought little of it, until at the Ball when he singled me

out for such marked attention I felt quite uncomfortable. But this is not the worſt, for after Supper he actually proposed! If I could have guessed this would happen he should not have been given the opportunity. When I refused to liſten he became very angry and declared he would not take my answer as final, saying he would settle the matter with James.

My dearest mother, you would not have me marry one I could not love, even if he were an Earl. He has already buried two wives and has children as old as myself, and I know my life with him would be moſt miserable. He interviewed James this morning, who told him diſtinctly he could not urge me to marry *any one* againſt my will, but he left in a towering rage, making all kinds of threats. I will be glad when the Packet sails with him on board. What his threats will amount to I do not know. They say he is a man of great influence, being moſt intimate with certain ones in high places. But my brother has attended moſt religiously to his duties here and has many ſtaunch friends, so I will not let myself believe any injury can be done him.

I fear you will not consider this a pleasant letter, but be assured it carries with it a thousand loves and kisses from all to all, and a sincere wish that it may find you as well as it leaves us. I must bid you farewell as James is waiting to enclose this and has already asked me more than once if I am writing a history of Malta. Off it goes at twelve o'clock and it is now eleven. Believe me, my dearest mother, your affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

From the Diary.

April 27th, 1826.

All I have been writing to my mother does not begin to describe my anxiety and distress. If I could but have guessed what my fate would be, none could have dragged me to the Ball. I care nothing for the invectives hurled at me, but I do for the memory that must always be mine of his hateful embrace and his odious kisses! Thankful am I to Providence for my two strong arms, and that my fists, though small, are hard—and thankful too for

the sound of approaching footsteps at such a moment and the appearance of others to interrupt so mortifying an episode. I know not who they were, nor do I care. I could not tell James all that took place—if I had, his Lordship would not have escaped with a whole skin; not that he deserved less, but this would definitely and immediately have brought my brother's career to an end—as it is, I am alarmed! Unconsciously, through me, he has made an enemy who may prove to be the means of his undoing. I try to find comfort in the thought that a man of the world, occupied with many affairs, will soon forget a girl of no consequence like myself.—He could not have loved me—a month ago we had not met, and I believe it was only because he had some foolish wager about returning to England with a Bride that he turned to me when those of his own rank would have none of him. But if James suffers through me can I ever forget it! Sister Ann, sister Ann, why were you not near to protect me from Bluebeard!

MALTA,
November 18th, 1826.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I write to you to say how happy your letter of June 24th, received a week ago, has made us.

We were much gratified a few days since by the arrival of five officers of the Staff Corps. Two have been stationed in Montreal, and one, Mr. Asche, mentioned having met my brother John and begged, when I wrote, to be remembered to him.

The poor Marquis has been seriously ill for the last six weeks and I fear will never be well. He leaves this on Tuesday for Naples in hopes a change may benefit him. It is given out at the Palace that he will return in six weeks, but it is the prevailing opinion that we shall never see him again. The Marchioness and the Ladies Hastings all go. They will be a sad loss to Malta—not only that they are amiable and agreeable, but the society here is one that requires a head, and the Marchioness, tho' kind and condescending, was a person that all looked up to, not only on account of her rank, but she has a great deal of dignity in her appearance and commands respect. They

have been most gracious to me and in March last, when the family returned from England, the Lady Flora Hastings brought me as a gift a book entitled *Tales of the Crusaders*; all agree the author is Sir Walter Scott, a brother of our old friend,[1]—and I have been bid more than once to join their family circle, and honoured by their desiring me to sing my Scotch songs. Concerts in private families are greatly the rage here, when Ladies and Gentlemen of *fifty years* of age are both vocal and instrumental performers. It is not by any means the fashion to grow old, and Elizabeth declares she feels at least ten years younger than when she left Quebec.

The new President and his Lady arrived the day before yesterday from Syracuse. They travelled by land through France and Italy as Sir John Stoddard suffers extremely at sea. Their family, consisting of two sons and daughters, arrived a fortnight since in a Merchant ship from London. Miss Stoddard is about nineteen and appears a very nice girl. They all dined with us a day or two before their mother and father arrived.

[1] Sir Walter Scott's brother, an officer of the 70th Regiment, was stationed in Quebec.

James will fill in the blank page I am leaving, which I doubt not will gratify you more than any further word from yours affectionately,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

Postscript from James Stuart.

I am stealing a page from Arabella's letter, my dear mother, to tell you how well she is. I am a proud brother when I regard her, for she grows prettier every day, and has made many warm friends since coming here. A sweet and unselfish little sister, and I hardly know how we could get on without her. But why must there always be a fly in the ointment? Here, it is gossip! The Island is full of it, and no matter how circumspectly one walks, no one is immune. Poor Arabella has suffered as a result of her unfortunate experience with the Earl of D——; and to shew you how malicious Scandal is, it is even said she repelled his advances, hoping to ensnare one whose position is still more desirable—none less than the Marquis of Hastings' son, Lord Rawdon! Modest, guileless Arabella! You who know her best will appreciate the absurdity of this.

We feel some anxiety here at present lest we should have a change in our Government. The poor Marquis has been ill for several weeks in consequence of too much bodily exertion while shooting—an exercise which he is remarkably fond of. He brought on a complaint which he had several years since, to so alarming a degree that it is much apprehended he cannot recover. Being an old man, and always accustomed to great personal activity, the mere circumstance of his being obliged to keep constantly at rest in his bed or on his sofa, it is thought, will prove fatal to him. In two or three days they take him and the whole family on board the Admiral's ship to Naples, and I much fear we shall never see him again. I feel this particularly, as I have always been on the best terms with his Lordship, and having necessarily a great deal of personal communication with him, have found him so uniformly kind and obliging that it will be a very rare circumstance if he should be succeeded by his equal.

Our new President of the Courts has arrived with his family. He has been well known in England for several years as the Editor of the

New Times, a violent party paper in favour of Government. The Ministers thought they were in duty bound to reward their Champion, and the King has Knighted him—Sir John Stoddard—to be our President and Judge of Admiralty. I did not wish His Majesty to Knight me, but I should have thanked him for the appointment, and the salary of £1,500, and I had a very good right to expect it. However, as it is not so it is quite certain it never will be, and I shall probably become a fixture for life with my £1,000 per annum.

I hope you will let us hear often from you. Anything you can put in your letters will be interesting to us who hear so little about Canada. We are all remarkably well, and I wish I might be certain of as much for all of you. Elizabeth joins me in best love, your affectionate son,

JAMES STANHOPE STUART.

From the Diary.

Wednesday, November 23rd, 1826.

Within the week I have had so unusual a surprise it is worthy of honourable mention within these sacred pages! We received a

visit from two officers of the Staff Corps, lately arrived here—and from *Montreal.* Mr. Asche and Mr. Crowley. The former has met my brother John, and they both speak of Henry Seymour as being among his intimates —in fact it was only in July they left him. Before their visit was over Mr. Asche placed in my hand a small flat package addressed to myself in Henry's writing, and when opportunity came to cut the cord—behold! between two squares of pasteboard, some pressed flowers! But not a word in writing. Wild roses, pansies, and dear forget-me-nots. More beautiful a nosegay heart could not desire, and the little verse for Ann's sampler sings away in my brain so persistently my diary must be told the words:

The Blushing Rose breathes love for you,
The Pansy thoughts,—Forget-me-not speaks true.
The Lily White means pure delight,
The Modest Violet hides from sight,
But oh, beware the Primrose Fair,
Inconstancy it doth declare.

I cannot say I admire the last two lines; they spoil the whole verse.

Mr. Asche is a fine, handsome young man

and I like him extremely well, but I have not the same respect for Mr. Crowley. I have met both several times and am not forming my judgement too quickly. The latter is what I would call a Braggart—and a Braggart I abhor! If one could believe all he says, Montreal must be *desolate* without him! and a *desperate* time he seems to have had to escape single from its shores!—and wearied too he must be with the stratagem he assures me was necessary to keep himself from compromising positions! Well, I will say no such perturbation would have disturbed his fortitude if the Powers that be had placed him in Quebec instead of Montreal —unless my friends and sisters are much changed, and as far as *I* am concerned his equilibrium shall not be disturbed *here*.

But it is pleasant to listen to talk of America —and we enjoyed their accounts of Mary Gordon and the dance she leads the more staid Matrons of Montreal.

MALTA,

December 19th, 1826.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Time passes quickly and it is a full month since last I took my pen in

hand. You will no doubt have heard long before this reaches you of the much to be lamented death of our late Governor, the most noble Marquis of Hastings. His Lordship and family embarked on November 20th on board of His Majesty's Ship *Revenge*—Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Neale—for Naples. The only remaining hope left, that a change of air might prolong his valuable life for some months longer. There was no apparent change in the Marquis' malady during the voyage, but his small remaining strength was observed to be gradually sinking, and before the *Revenge* reached Baia all hopes of his preservation had vanished. The *Revenge* anchored at Baia in Naples Bay on the 24th and he expired on the 28th without a struggle.

His Lordship was fully aware of his approaching death, and met it with that firmness of resignation which was to be expected from his placid temper and his well known truly gallant spirit. On the evening but one before his decease he passed through a most trying scene, for it was then that he took leave of his afflicted Marchioness and daughters, who had watched and tended him during the whole

of his sickness with the most dutiful and affectionate care.

The Marquis having expressed a desire that his remains should be interred on the island of Malta, the Admiral directed them to be transferred on board H.M.S. *Ariadne*—Captain FitzClarence—to be brought to the Island. The *Ariadne* arrived here on the 9th inst. after twelve days' passage. On the next day, Sunday, at two o'clock, everything was in readiness to bring the honourable remains on shore. This ceremony devolved on the Navy and it was admirably performed.

The Body was placed in the Barge of the *Ariadne* in charge of Captain FitzClarence and Lieutenant-Colonel Mascia, the Marquis' Military Secretary, who came with it from Naples. It was preceded by another boat from the *Ariadne*, whilst the boats of six others of His Majesty's Ships rowed in attendance. Not a ripple from the oars was heard (they were muffled), and the solemn silence in which the procession approached the shore was only interrupted by the firing of minute guns from the Ships of War. The Body was received by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor,

accompanied by the Constituted Civil and Military Authorities, who advanced to the water's edge uncovered—the Batteries fired a salute, and the Guard of Honour presented arms. The Body being placed on the funeral car by the sailors and covered with a pall by Orderly Sergeants, the mournful train, headed by Major-General Woodford, followed it to the Palace, whilst minute guns were fired from the works. It was then deposited in the Hall of St. Michael and St. George, and the necessary preparations were immediately adopted for the Lying-in-State. The Hall was thrown open on Monday evening at eight o'clock and remained so until midnight. On the following day it was open from twelve o'clock at noon till four o'clock, and in the evening from eight to twelve, and the same on Wednesday.

The effect on entering the Hall, the whole of which was lined with black, was extremely striking. At every few feet, on each side, a Sentinel was placed with his musket reversed and leaning his head on the butt of it. The relief Guard, on entering, walked round the Hall with a solemn and slow step with their arms reversed and behind their backs, and

after this relieved those on duty with a whisper scarcely to be heard. In the centre of the Hall was placed a Catafalque at least ten or twelve feet in height, on top of which the Coffin was put. By the sides of the Coffin and on top of the Catafalque were arranged all the implements of War covered with black crêpe, and on the top of the Casket the Coronet of the late Marquis. On stands near the four corners were Candelabra. Ten or twelve very large wax candles constantly burning in each (the candles not less than a yard and a half long and of a proportionate thickness, the same kind that are burned in the Catholic Churches), and at a few feet from the Catafalque, at the head, was placed a chair covered with black for one of the Civil Officers to Government to sit in, and at the feet another chair of similar description for a Military Officer of high rank. James took his hour in turn with the other five Civil Officers. The concourse of people that flowed into the Hall was immense and everything was quiet as midnight.

The limits of my paper will not admit of giving you the procession in full to the place of burial, but I will tell you all I can. Eight

mounted Orderlies followed by four Regiments, His Majesty's 80th, 85th, 95th, and Rifle Brigade, the Commanding Officer of each Regiment with black silk scarf and hat band. His Excellency's male servants in deep mourning—forty in number. His Excellency's charger fully caparisoned. Guard of Honour —Grenadiers of the 80th Regt.—Medical Gentlemen. The Band of the Royal Malta Fencibles. Regimental Chaplain to the Forces, and Chaplain to the Government. Banner of the Royal Guelphic Order, borne by a Captain of the Rifle Brigade. Banner of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, borne by a Captain in the Navy. Banner of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, borne by a Captain of the 85th Regiment (the Order of the Garter was supported by the other two). Behind the Banners were borne the decorations of each order by Captains of the Navy. Coronet of the late Most Noble Marquis of Hastings, K.G., borne by Sir Vincent Casolane, Knight of St. Michael and St. George, on a velvet cushion. The Body, and the Pall Bearers.

The streets were lined on each side by the populace six or eight deep, and every balcony

and terrace were filled with spectators, while perfect silence reigned throughout. The idea you will be able to form from my representation of the procession must fall short of the reality. It recalled to my mind the burial of the Duke of Richmond.[1]

We have indeed much cause to mourn the loss of a great man and most excellent Governor. His late Lordship left a letter directing that his right *hand* and *heart* should be taken from his body and sent in charge to His Majesty, by whom it is to be kept, and when his beloved Consort quits this transitory scene, they are to be interred in the same vault by his express desire.

We are all in the enjoyment of perfect health and the children as lively as bees. Nancy goes to a day school and is improving fast in reading and plain needlework. She likewise takes lessons three times a week in dancing, and possesses an easy and graceful carriage and manner. We are very happy we are living in a country where she can have the

[1] The Duke of Richmond was appointed Governor-General of British North America in 1818. He died a year later, and was buried at Quebec with great ceremony.

advantages of education, for in a society such as Malta, the French and Italian languages are from necessity in use, and all the polite accomplishments cultivated.

I have scarcely left myself room to wish you every happiness on the approaching New Year, which that you and all our friends may live in the full enjoyment of will be the sincere wish of James, Elizabeth, and myself. Your affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

"*Sans Changer.*"

Letter from Henry Seymour
(*Received December 20th*, 1826).

MONTREAL,
March 10th, 1826.

MA CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE,—Living in a French City, you see I am fast acquiring the accent. Your most welcome letter arrived nearly two weeks earlier in the year than its predecessor, and I much appreciate your kindness in writing at once, for truly I grow impatient at this long period of waiting. I hear of you occasionally

from my sisters, who are in constant correspondence with my mother, and also from some friends of yours, the Babbits, whom I found established here when I returned from Grenville last October. Mr. B. is a fine fellow, but have no fear of my having fallen in love with his Lady, for of all the meddlesome old gossips she is the leader! They hunted me up knowing Elizabeth was my cousin, and believing them to be on most intimate terms with her I introduced them to my sisters. On our first meeting it was decidedly edifying to hear of you, and I listened enraptured to the glowing accounts given of your charms and popularity in Malta. But when Mrs. B. descended from this to repeating paltry bits of gossip, and finally confided in me her belief you were to marry a certain officer in your part of the world who lately took a religious fit—having heard of the said Gentleman before, I felt her romantic temperament was leading her from the strait and narrow path, and I have diligently kept out of her way ever since.

By the bye, I found a young Gordon tucked away in a sumptuous nursery when I returned to town last Autumn—truly a

wonder is my nephew, commonly known to his doting parents and their intimates as *King William*.

The new Theatre was opened here on November 21st and the play performed tolerably well before a crowded house, but on the following night the house was rather thin, and next night was so much so that one of the principal actresses was taken suddenly ill and the performance cancelled. It is the general opinion that the person who had taken the theatre would find Montreal could not support him and his Company, as the Priests will not allow the Catholic inhabitants to attend. However, it has since become very much the rage. But our population is really too small to support it, though some few of the Roman Catholics do transgress so far as to appear there. The theatre itself is very neat and comfortably fitted up.

Our Officers are dashing blades and carry all before them, so much so the Civilians complain bitterly that all the young ladies have got the *Scarlet Fever*, and none will take a seat in their sleighs. So many sleighs have never been seen as during this Winter. Tandems are quite

common, pairs not rare, and *one horse chaises* innumerable. Mary drives a four-in-hand, to the delight of her adoring husband, and usually takes the lead. The Commanding Officer talks of driving *eight* next Winter, and our Senior Major has been training his four-in-hand in a sled.

This Winter is a repetition of the last. Gaiety never halts for a day. The event of the Season was the 12th Night Dance given by the Baroness de Longueuil, to which I went as the Lord Chamberlain—a part I hope I took with becoming dignity—but I have backed out of many engagements.

It has been bitterly cold! What think you of going to a funeral at half past eight a.m. in January, when the thermometer stood at 33 degrees below zero? I do assure you I was none too warm.

There are some reports flying about that the Staff Corps will be removed again this year, which I think very probable, there being many applications for companies to go to different parts of the world. But I must not suffer myself to be too sanguine, merely enough to keep me from despair. You must not be

surprised at the badness of my writing, the stoves dry up the pens so much that they are little better than sticks.

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Grenville, Ottawa River,
September 3rd, 1826.

A long pause, Mademoiselle, and even now but little more to tell you. All day yesterday you were present in my mind and again and again my uppermost thought. "Many happy returns of the day to Arabella!"

No mail leaves before Tuesday so I postponed my writing until now—this being Sunday, and consequently a day of rest, of which I can now feel the blessing, being up every other day of the week at half past four a.m. and on the works till five p.m., and this will last till we return to Montreal. I do not find, however, the exertion disagrees with me; indeed I never felt so little tired at the end of the season before. In April I was so much fatigued I could scarcely eat my dinner, but now I can not only eat, but walk afterwards.

I must tell you I have got rid of two of the

Subs. who stood over me, and I live in hopes of seeing two, if not three, more removed in a very few days, but I fear I shall not get a Company this year. The last English Packet brought a note from the Duke of York,[1] giving permission to another Lieutenant to exchange into the line for the purpose of purchasing a Company, in order to re-exchange with Lieutenant-Colonel Stavely (C.R.S.C.) provided none of those over him will purchase. This tells me I shall *not* get it. 'Tis hard to be patient.

Before this reaches you I think you will have met a friend of mine, Lieutenant Asche. He, with another, were the lucky ones to be removed, and left here for England in July. He carries to you from me a small package which speaks for itself.

Two others and myself are planning a voyage of discovery, to the north, on the Ottawa River in canoes—with Indians to pilot us. It is an experience I have long wished for and would be sorry to leave Canada without. So far it has been impossible to visit Quebec. We leave Montreal in the

[1] Then Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

Spring as soon as the river opens and do not return until November.

Space will not permit of my writing more, but you will believe nothing has changed with me. Only time passes, and I hope my next will tell you I have my Company. Until then, farewell—yours,

HENRY SEYMOUR.

Still a jolly Sub. of the Royal Staff Corps. Huzza! Huzza!

From the Diary.

Christmas Day, 1826.

Three years have passed away since I wrote the first words in my Diary, and I am still far from my home and the home circle. When I made up my mind to come to Malta I thought it would be a matter of months, not years, or I do not think I could have taken such a step. Sometimes I feel as if I were in a very deep rut, and here I am to remain the rest of my days unless there be an earthquake to throw me out, or a flood to float me to another abiding place.

I look back now to my last meeting with Henry and wonder, if this had never taken place, if I could have forgotten him. As it is, with each month and year of separation my love grows deeper and stronger, and I am faint at heart when I think of the conditions of our friendship; no bond—no claim! and if to-morrow either or both wished to wipe out all memories, it would only be our right. But I do not doubt him—it is only this awful Space of Time that makes Life cruel. But this is no day for dreary thoughts and I have many happy hours. There was one last week when the great event of the year took place, and a letter arrived from America addressed to "Mademoiselle Arabella Mary Stuart." I am glad Henry was not taken in by old Mother Babbit—'tis true I was, but I admire a man whose judgement is better than my own. I do envy him the sleigh drives and the Winter frolics, but not having to trudge to a funeral with the thermometer 33 degrees below zero. —But I will read his letter again and write no more about it.

Since Mr. Asche has come to Malta, Montreal seems less distant, and he delights

in telling me of life as it is there—one reason being because of a certain young lady he left behind him, and I know he finds me unusually sympathetic, which is not to be wondered at! But Mr. Crowley gives me no such satisfaction, and each time we meet I like him worse than I did. I fear he was not taught in his youth, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth, and the tongue is a fire." Yesterday, hunting for a kind word, Elizabeth described him as handsome. "Yes," said James, "a handsome mongrel!" And this describes him truly. If he were a thorough-bred he could not speak as he does of those who are absent. Not long ago I heard him make a slurring allusion to Henry Seymour, and Mr. Asche promptly bestowed a look upon him sufficient to destroy —and on another occasion when alone with me he spoke lightly of Mary Gordon. In return I said a few words which I dare say have made him my enemy.

I often wish, Ann, you had not fallen in love with this Diary because it was small and had an outside garb resembling the Stuart Tartan. If there were more space I need not so often curb my pen.

PARCEL NO. 8

Malta, 1827.

MALTA,
February 15th, 1827.

MY DEAR EMILY,—As I make it a point of conscience not to let a month pass without a letter from one of the trio, again I take my turn to write. I wrote to our Uncle Andrew in December and I shall be happy when I am reminded by his own handwriting that he has not quite forgotten me. When his last letter was written he gave me the impression that his property was in a precarious state, but as that was more than three years ago I trust that everything is arranged to his satisfaction. How does Andrew like studying for the Law? I mentioned to my Uncle that his books would be a great expense, and I hope if he can afford to assist in the purchase that he will do it. I thought perhaps it might not occur to him without a gentle hint, and that it would come better from me than from any of you.

I suppose by this time you are all in mourning for the Duke of York.[1] The people here have had it on for three weeks and are to continue three more.

[1] Died January 5th, 1827.

Marriages are now quite the rage here. Last week an *old* Gentleman of the name of Nugent, aged fifty-six, led to the Altar the eldest daughter of Colonel Whitmore of the Engineers, aged twenty-six. It is not thought a bad match for her as he has plenty of money and she looks about ten years older than she is, and was not likely to meet with another to land at her feet. Her husband is two years older than her father. Next week her eldest brother of thirty, a Lieutenant of the Engineers, is to be married to Miss Stoddard—daughter of Sir John Stoddard, the President of this Island. This match has been made up in a hurry, as the lady has not been in Malta more than four months. She is a very nice girl and I think they will make a happy couple, tho' she does *look down* on him, as she is about my height and he is not so tall. You will think me very particular in my descriptions and I am afraid scandalous, but I must try some means or other to fill this blank sheet. The second Miss Whitmore is only waiting the arrival of her intended to change her name to Stopford; he is a Captain in the Navy and has been about two years. He is an Honourable

and a younger son of Lord Courtoun, who disapproves of the match as she has no money, and hoped that absence might change his mind; but her family say that he is *determined* to run all risques for his *dear Winny*. There are two or three other matches talked of, but as I am not a party concerned I think it unfair to mention names.

We have lately lost a fine Regiment—the 85th. They were all gentlemanly (is there such a word?), pleasant young men, fond of society, so that they are much regretted. They received only two days' notice to leave Malta for Lisbon, but were detained a week by contrary winds. The Surgeon married the day after the orders arrived and took his bride with him. The Rifle Brigade gave the 85th a very handsome farewell Ball and Supper, which cost them a hundred pounds. It must have been gratifying to the Officers, and the only regret was the occasion on which it was given. Major Fairfax, who commanded the Regiment, is an acquaintance of James, so of course he was a friend of ours.

A splendid entertainment was given by the Civil, Naval, and Military Officers resident in

Malta to General and Mrs. Woodford previous to their departure from the Island. Seven hundred persons were invited. The rooms were arranged with great taste, and one of the inscriptions attracted much attention—" Nos Plaisirs ne Font que Devancer nos Regrets "—a sentiment particularly appropriate to the occasion. Nearly the whole of the company was seated at supper, which was arranged in two rooms which opened into each other. They had two long tables in each, so that from either end of the room it had a very fine effect.

The health of General and Mrs. Woodford was drank with great enthusiasm, and His Honour, in thanking the company in a speech of great feeling, proposed " The Health and Prosperity of the Inhabitants of Malta." In the health of Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Neale, who with Lady Neale was present, and whose approaching retirement from the Mediterranean Command is much regretted, the same feelings were displayed, which the Vice-Admiral acknowledged by expressing the deep interest he should always take in the welfare of the Island. The other toast was Lady

Neale and the Ladies present, which was drank with much applause. Mrs. Woodford was in tears repeatedly. I was not in the Ball room when they arrived, but I am told it was a very affecting but gratifying scene, as they were followed by their five children, the eldest not more than six years of age! They remained but a short time, for at the sight of their mother's tears they one and all wept lustily, so it was necessary to remove them with haste! General Woodford has been much liked as our Lieutenant-Governor. They entertained a great deal and made themselves agreeable to all. To-day he gives up his Command. General Ponsonby, who succeeds him, arrived yesterday, and James has now gone to swear him in. He is a younger General than General Woodford, but has great interest, having married Lady Emily Bathurst, daughter of Lord Bathurst.

March 1st.—I can tell you I never wished so much for a pair of wings as when your last letter reached us. I think if I could have taken flight with an assurance that I should land in safety amongst you, that I would e'en have ventured on the expedition. The Packet was

much delayed owing to the boisterous weather. It was particularly unfortunate for Elizabeth, as not till it arrived did she receive the letter of October announcing the death of her dear father. She is heart broken at the loss, for she had no idea he was even in poor health, nor would he allow her to be told it was on this account he made the visit to New York with Jane more than two years ago.

James has not written by this opportunity; he is engaged in the Piracy Court, and as there are about forty Pirates to be tried he expects to be much occupied for two or three weeks and perhaps longer. I am now going to pay some visits, and this evening we go to a concert.

2nd.—The concert last night was very stupid and so was your humble servant. Good-bye, with affectionate love.

ARABELLA MARY.

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MALTA,

August 22nd, 1827.

I find in looking over my list that I have not written to you, my dear Ann, since the first of last August. In May the children developed

whooping cough and it was deemed advisable they should have a change of air. James therefore *borrowed* a *house* from a friend about four miles from Valetta, where we took them. We stayed there two weeks. Charles' cough continued very severe for three months; we were so anxious about him we scarcely trusted him a moment out of our sight. He slept in my room, and for six weeks I would be out of bed ten or twelve times in a night. He has become so fond of me and accustomed to my care that the poor little fellow is seldom away from me. He is so affectionate that it quite repays me for all the fatigue. He often puts his arms round my neck, kisses me and says, "Dear Na Na." This makes me feel happier than if I were dancing at the gayest Ball with the smartest partner.

We are now in the country in a place called St. Julian. It is near the sea and our house is situated on the top of a hill, so that we have the advantage of every wind that blows. It is absolutely necessary to reside part of the Summer in what is called *Country*, not that it is much cooler, but the noise of the bells in town is almost distracting—this, with the

constant *bellowing* of the Town Cryers, and the smell of *garlic*, *onions*, and *oil*, added to the heat is too much for human nature to bear. In addition to this, the frequent illuminations in the houses inhabited by Maltese, and bonfires in the middle of the streets, make the air so much hotter that it is impossible to sleep. I am sure you will agree with me that there can be no pleasure in listening to the music of mosquitoes for the whole night, and in constant expectation of a bite from one.

James would like to have some more news papers if they could be sent direct to London, otherwise the land carriage is very high. I think he paid 17*s*. 6*d*. for the last bundle.

The heat takes away my strength and I have written so badly I doubt if you can read this, but before I conclude I will say I wish I could enclose myself and Charles within its folds, tho' if I could do this I suppose I should try to crowd in three others, and as in that case the postage would be very high, perhaps it is as well to let it travel alone and carry our affectionate love and best wishes to you all. Ever your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

"Quench not Hope, for when Hope dies, all dies."

Letter from Henry Seymour
(Received August 30th, 1827).

MONTREAL,
March 22nd, 1827.

MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE,—Disappointment abides with me, for your expected letter is over-due. I have just left the reading room, where I have been waiting in hopes of getting good news; it failed to arrive, but may come now at any moment.

This Winter has passed more slowly than any since my coming here—for one thing, I have been plagued again with a return of my old affliction owing to an accident just before we left Grenville. In October we carried out the plan I told you of and started away in our canoes, feeling much like pioneers. For nearly a week all went well, and a more wondrous excursion could not be imagined, but at the farthest point from camp a sudden storm blew up—wind and rain—my canoe was upset in the rapids, and I was unfortunately dashed against a rock. This, with the complete soaking and the impossibility of getting dry until the downpour stopped, has been the

means of causing me more or less discomfort since. However, I feel the worst is over, and on Sunday last I went to Church Parade and, for the first time, marched to the Church and back, a distance of nearly a mile, without a stick.

My sisters and myself had hoped our father would have spent this Winter in Montreal. He thought seriously of it, but finally decided he could not leave my mother, who is too delicate to have accompanied him.

The season has been as gay as usual, though I have had but little to do with the festivities. The officers of the Garrison tried to get up a play, *The Rivals*, and every one thought they had succeeded, but unfortunately the Gentleman who was to personate Captain Absolute, at the last moment *absolutely* declined playing and thereby knocked the whole concern in the head. Were it not for my disablement I should or would actually have taken it upon myself to act the part, were it only to have shewn the man we were independent of him.

Yesterday we fully expected the January mail (which means also the December mail from Malta), for which I feel very anxious for

more than one reason, having been led to suppose it will bring me some cheering intelligence. It is said that Colonel Cockburn, Quartermaster-General of the Canadas (now in England), is about to give up his appointment; that his place will be filled by one of the permanent Assistants in the Quartermaster-General's Department, and that Sir James Colleton, our Senior Major, will be placed in the situation of the latter. If this arrangement takes place *I shall get my Company*. I really feel almost sure of it, knowing as I do the great folks wish to do something for our Senior Captain; and I have received assurance from Sir Richard Jackson and Lord Grenock of their willingness to promote my interests. Sir Richard goes so far as to say, "I shall feel it my *duty* (and with pleasure) to attend to your interests as an Officer of the Staff Corps, upon any occasion that may occur." And, further, I have a friend at the Horse Guards who will not allow me to be forgotten.

One of our Officers was married in December, and three more are in a fair way of being so, therefore if I don't look sharp I shall be "The Last Man" at the Mess—and shall

have everything my own way—too much so!

We are continually in a bustle here—a few days ago an officer joined from New South Wales. He gives a most horrible account of the Country; the weather is very hot and they have tremendous rains and little or no society. Two Officers are preparing to embark for the Mauritius, and some of us feel we might be ordered to Van Diemen's Land and Ceylon. What would you say to this?

I must stop for the present and make my way to Mary's house to enquire for her boy, who is seriously ill.

April 15th, 1827.—Since I last wrote we have endured terrible anxiety, and last evening the worst happened—our dear Mary died. Her baby's illness was undoubtedly the cause. She never left him night or day, and he was so close to death, his Physician said it was only his mother's care and devotion that saved him. At length he was proclaimed out of danger and had recovered so far as to know his mother, when only three days ago she suddenly became prostrated—and from that time no hope was held for her recovery. I cannot realize it—

my little laughing gay sister! How can we tell our father and mother!

I am looking each day for your letter. The last mail contained no letters from Malta, but another is expected within a week.

April 22nd.—This has been a week so full of sorrow I hope it may never again be my fate to live through another like it. Poor Gordon is beside himself, and my sister Anna in a similar condition—she has always called herself Mary's second mother. To add to it all, the mail has arrived with a letter for me from Malta from Crowley, but no word from you. From all he writes I fear I have asked too much of you, Arabella. Time and Distance are difficult to contend with, and I cannot wonder that your memory of me grew faint. Still, I did not think the Primrose could have flourished near you.

I have at last been granted my Company—a hope realized that now means nothing—worse than dross. It is not likely I will be here when the next mail comes, though I would not allow myself to hope for anything further.

Yours,

HENRY SEYMOUR.

From the Diary.

MALTA,

Sunday, September 2nd, 1827.

My Birthday again—but I do not think I am twenty-four. I was twenty-three a week ago! I know that, but months and years have passed since then and now I am *very, very* old. A letter from Henry came last Thursday. It did not surprise me to see his handwriting so far ahead of time—I looked for a letter to be written when he had obtained his Company—and so its appearance brought especial joy. I read it so happily, until suddenly—oh, how can I write it—Mary Gordon dead! The words keep repeating themselves in my poor brain—Mary Gordon *dead*!—Mary dead!! And then—*Love is dead!!!* What does it all mean? What have I done? What has Mr. Crowley written? If a letter must be lost, why not his?—not mine! *Mary is dead, LOVE IS DEAD*—and this my twenty-fourth birthday! I laugh at the thought, for I am old, *old, OLD*! And so the Primrose flourishes on this Island! I have never yet seen it, but if he says so it surely must be true. Four months since the words were written—

and I have been happy and lighthearted during those four months! How could it be?

It is useless to write, for where can I direct a letter? And if it should follow him to the ends of the world it would be but to remind him of one who would have been blotted from his memory months, perhaps years before. Poor little Diary, in times that are past you have cheered me on my way—but now even you fail me—I am not consoled! I am not comforted! My heart is broken——

A Letter from Mr. Andrew Stanhope.

STANHOPE MANOR, NEAR BELFAST, IRELAND,
September 2nd, 1827.

MY DEAR NIECE,—Early in the year I had the pleasure of receiving yours of December 19th, by which I was happy to hear you were then all well. Most justly do you complain of my neglect in not answering former letters, but this I am sure of, that you neither attribute it to forgetfulness or want of affection. Your letters afford me the greatest pleasure, but I am a *Sad, Careless Dog*, particularly in writing.

In allusion to your enquiries respecting this

Country, in some parts the lower classes have been exceedingly troublesome, and are still, but my own tenants are behaving remarkably well. This may do for a few years, but there is always discontent, and one never knows when to look for *Squally Weather*.

You afford me great pleasure in representing your different sources of amusement, which I sincerely wish you may long continue to enjoy. By your account, the concert of music at the Governor's must have been grand. I congratulate you on having these parties, though I cannot help smiling when you tell me of your delicacies—viz. Sandwiches and Negus—they are so very common with us. Speaking of the first article reminds me of a small party we had here a few nights back. About twelve o'clock the Gentlemen retired to the Dining-room to prepare Sandwiches for the Ladies, and being a little mischievously inclined, I took care to add a plentiful supply of mustard to one or two, and by giving proper directions who they were to be handed to first, hit my mark! In a few seconds I heard the Lady skipping about the drawing-room floor. I could contain my sides no longer, but *of course* knew nothing

of the matter—but it soon made its way to me she said she was sure I was the Villain, there was *wickedness* in my *very* walk ! This you may be sure I heartily enjoyed. She is an uncommon fine girl. So much for Sandwiches !

I am glad you reminded me of the needs of my namesake in Quebec, and I have taken your hint, and now I hope he is provided with all the books he may want to make him a Gentleman of the Long Robe. But how comes it you tell me nothing of your own requirements ? I never forget why you were given the name of Arabella Mary, and your birthday the same as that of my dear lost wife. I am sending to James' Agent in London an order for £20 for you, five for each year since I last wrote, and when am I to be told I shall hear the chime of your wedding bells ? Never forget when this time comes 'tis myself means to act the part of a father to you, and all the Milliner's bills come to me to be paid !

You now see that I have not entirely lost the power of using my hand, though your Quiz as to letters I certainly deserve and I shall endeavour to mend my manners in future. But I never was partial to the Pen,

and nothing but pure necessity makes me take it up.

I am heartily glad you are all well. Give my love to all hands, not forgetting yourself. If I direct this improperly, as I rather think I am doing, you must take me to task in your next. This pen declares it will write no more this day—necessity therefore compels me to bid you adieu. Believe me, my dear niece, your affectionate uncle,

ANDREW U. STANHOPE.

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MALTA,

November 15th, 1827.

MY DEAREST MARGARET,—I have your letter of July 25th telling me of your engagement, and also that if there is any prospect of my return within a year you will postpone your marriage until I am with you. I have every reason to believe I may be home before many more months pass. James has written to John explaining the situation, so I need not go into details, but I must say I, and many others, are of the opinion our brother has not received fair treatment. Both he and Elizabeth make very light of it to me. Elizabeth declares she at

last feels free to speak the truth and tell how tired she has grown of this small Island, and both are of the opinion the change will be beneficial to the children. We leave on the Packet following the one that sails to-day with this, as it is believed the sooner we reach England the better—so we will probably spend Christmas at sea.

But I have wandered far away from the thought uppermost in my mind when I began this letter. I am truly happy to hear of your happiness—and it is also good news to know you are not to be a wanderer, but will remain in our own beautiful Quebec. I long to meet my prospective brother-in-law and tell him of the treasure he will have in you.

The news of dear Mary Gordon's death, followed by that of Captain Hamilton Seymour, has shocked me terribly. I think day and night of Sir William and Lady Seymour and of what their suffering must be. With the exception of our own, I never knew a more united family.

There is so much to be done in preparation for our departure I can make this but a short letter. My dearest love to all, your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

Postscript by James Stuart.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—As I find an empty page in Arabella's letter, it will gratify me to make use of it in writing to you. You will no doubt be surprised to hear I have been recalled from Malta. In one sense the order was sudden and startling—in another I was not unprepared, for for the past year I have had cause to feel apprehensive. My best and truest friends are no longer here. You heard of the death of Mr. Wright, our late President, a year and a half ago. This was followed by that of the Marquis of Hastings; and General Woodford, our late Lieutenant-Governor, was transferred to Corfu in February last.

For months I have been possessed of an unaccountable feeling of insecurity. The reason given for my withdrawal is curtailment of expense, and I have at least the satisfaction of knowing I am not to be replaced, and no fault is found, or criticism made, of my administration. The good people here take the view that it is to have higher honour conferred upon me I return to England.—So let it be, but in my heart I do not agree with them. It is only interest, and Parliamentary

interest, that can at all avail there. Lord Bathurst thought he had done me an injustice personally and therefore gave me as compensation the appointment I am about to relinquish—a step further he would not go, and I have good reason to think His Lordship is of the opinion he has done rather too much for me as it is. I feel were I to presume upon his liberality to me I should be checked, and justly checked, for an impertinent officiousness.

I have begun to think lately this climate is not the best for the children, though at the present moment all are well but Arabella, who seems tired and has but little energy.

Elizabeth grieves very much on account of the loss of her father, and both she and Arabella were greatly shocked at the news lately received of poor Mary Gordon's death; another blow was an item I found in the *Gazette* last week, copied from a Paris paper, stating Captain William Hamilton Seymour had died suddenly at sea from Typhus.—The Third of the Seymours to go within a year. Arabella had become so fond of the family during her long visit to them, that she has taken this news greatly to heart, and I begin to feel it is best for us all

that we should be removing to another clime. So if I return to Quebec the humble Attorney-at-Law, I must bespeak John's patronage to collect the fees the shabby dogs won't pay him for the wholesome physic he puts down their throats. My letter to John contains good wishes to Margaret on her engagement. All join in love. Your affectionate son,

JAMES S. STUART.

From the Diary.

MALTA,
November 26th, 1827.

This is the last time I shall write in my Diary in Malta, and the question is, shall I destroy the poor thing and cast it in the bonfire with the rest of the rubbish? A few pages yet remain—perhaps enough, if I should not long survive, for someone to add a description of my closing days—but not my little sister Ann; it would break her dear heart. The dream of her life might have come true, but for the lying pen of one who knows not the meaning of the word *Friend*. She would have seen me marry the one I truly love, attired in a robe of

cobwebby lace, with a rich and generous uncle hovering about ready to give his Blessing and act the part of Fairy God-Father. For at last I have heard from him, Uncle Andrew, and in his kindness he tells me, when I inform him of my approaching marriage, he will be to me a father, and pay all my Milliner's bills. Little he knows of the latter or he would have cause to feel his was a merciful escape!

The kind people of Malta lose no opportunity of expressing their regret that we depart. Owing to Elizabeth's mourning we have begged to be excused from any entertainments, and for this I am thankful, but last evening a few waited upon us—saying they represented many—bringing farewell gifts, and upon me was bestowed yards of beautiful Maltese lace, and with this presentation a little speech was made requesting I use it for my *Wedding Dress*! I kept back the tears, and smiled, and spoke to the best of my ability of my gratitude to them—but I slept but little last night.

Strange it is that misfortunes should all fall together. Since I last wrote in this book James has been recalled to England!—For what reason he knows not, though in my heart

I fear I am to blame—and this is the revenge threatened by *Bluebeard.*—He laughs at the very suggestion, but I know he is puzzled, and has been worried for many months past. And worst of all—last week James brought home the *Gazette* and in it the news that Hamilton Seymour had died suddenly of typhus last August. Only two months from the end of his long cruise! Only two months from home! I lie awake at night and picture the agony of his father and mother. I have tried to write to them, but what words I could find seemed futile and meant nothing.—So often I dream I am drowning, and awake feeling smothered in waves of sorrow—truly the Flood has come to float me away from my Rut.

PARCEL NO. 9

Old England Again.

"*Like a Wave of the Sea,*
Driven with the Wind,
and tossed."

To Dr. John Stuart, Quebec.

FALMOUTH,
February 13th, 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—You will, I doubt not, have heard long ere this reaches you of our arrival in England. We reached this on January 18th, forty-six days from Malta. We were thirty in getting to Gibraltar, having encountered contrary winds and strong gales the whole of the time, in one of which we were obliged to lay to thirty-two hours, and it was fortunate for us that we had good sea room, as many vessels were wrecked on that day. A Transport going out to Malta was cast on shore on the coast of Portugal, and every soul perished, amounting to between eighty and ninety persons, among whom were fifteen passengers.

James has been in London, and reported himself at the Colonial Office in hopes of getting an appointment, but without success. For the present he has decided on remaining here, as lodgings are cheaper than in London.

Can you, my dear brother, make arrangements with one of the Captains of a Timber

Ship to take me to Quebec, *in case* James should not get an appointment in America? Now that I am in England I feel as if I were half way home, and I am every day more anxious to be there. I have been nearly five years from you all, and as I am sure you will kindly make me welcome, I would not mind going out alone, and it is doubtful what part of the world James may next put his foot in. He is in a most unpleasant state of suspense, not knowing what is to become of him and his family. At present there is no situation vacant that he would like, and he is convinced that if he does not remain on the spot he will be quite forgotten. I, of course, feel uncomfortable in being an additional expense to him and so am asking you to arrange for my going out. He is all kindness and affection, but there are the two little children, and I feel as if my being here were taking so much from them and my sister-in-law. While they were stationary it was of little consequence, but now it is very different, as the expenses of travelling are great.

I must not omit to mention that we remained two days at Gibraltar on our way here, with which place we were much delighted. We saw

Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald—the latter had just arrived from England and seemed far from well.

We walked to the Signal Post, which is on the top of the Rock, at the height of fourteen hundred feet. The ascent is gradual and the passage is principally cut through the rock, so that the only light we had was from the holes where the great guns are placed. On descending, we went into St. Michael's Cave, which is certainly a most wonderful natural curiosity; any description that I could give would not do it justice. The water has congealed in columns from which hang festoons, which at a little distance look like drapery, and some of the pillars look almost as if they were carved.

The second day we took a carriage and crossed the neutral ground which divides Gibraltar from Spain, and went to St. Roche, a small village where General Don, the Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar, has a country residence, so that now we can say that we have been in Spain. And who do you think accompanied us? Captain Harris of the Artillery. It was pleasant to meet an old acquaintance from Quebec. He is the same

good hearted little fellow as ever. He met me walking with Nancy and Charles, knew my face and followed me into a shop and claimed my acquaintance. The day we left the Rock he accompanied us down to the boat, and stood some time after we had left the shore looking after us. I assure you he seemed quite sincere when he said he regretted parting with us. He had lately seen some person from Quebec from whom he heard that you were in excellent practice.

On our arrival in England we found letters awaiting us from both Sir William and Lady Seymour. They wrote just before starting for the Continent to remain with Mrs. Nesbitt until the end of May. Henry Seymour is with them, and owing to ill health must resign his Commission.

Pray lose no time in letting James know if any vacancy occurs in Canada. Do all the Judges mean to live for ever? Give my love to them and say that the sooner one pops off the better. My paper warns me to say good night. With love from all to all, believe me, my dear brother, your affectionate sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

A Letter from Sir William Seymour to Arabella.

VALEHURST, SOMERSETSHIRE,
January 6th, 1828.

MY CHILD,—Your letter reached me a few days since and with it came memories of pleasant months made happier by the presence of a sweet young girl, whose blythesomeness and forgetfulness of self was an added joy to our already happy family circle.

Since that time much has happened—each season with its joys and sorrows has come and gone, until the time when the great and awful trials God in His goodness permitted to descend upon us have truly tried our Faith. And still I think I can say we have risen above the Flood of Troubled Waters, and rest our feet upon the solid foundation of the knowledge that our Maker in His Infinite Wisdom knoweth best. Lady Seymour has shewn a spirit of true fortitude, and poor indeed would be mine if I failed to give her support. Together we look back upon the days when Duty demanded we should permit our children to leave the protection of our fireside to journey to all corners of the world. We willingly submitted to this, feeling that it was necessary

the best Old England could give must not be denied, in the maintenance and life of her distant Colonies. And surely, after such sacrifice, rebellious thoughts cannot be ours that two—our eldest son, our darling baby girl—are now in the most serene of all climes, in the service of the King of Kings.

We are no longer young, and the time is not far when we too may be called to the Joy of our Lord, and then it will be to join our loved ones, for surely God means us to have this lesser reason to assist our Faith, and make more clear our earthly Vision of the Holy City. We know refreshment awaits our tired eyes and we shall see them in their Beauty.

My dear wife is very brave; in all honour to her and our children, I cannot hold my head any less erect, or let my shoulders droop.

Your old friend,

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

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A Letter from Lady Seymour.

VALEHURST, NEAR OLD DOWN,

January 11th, 1828.

Your letter, my dear Arabella, arrived while I was on a visit in the country where I was

directed by my Medical Attendant to go for change of air, having sustained a severe attack of nerves that left me in a sadly debilitated state. From the coldness of the weather I did not derive the advantage I hoped for, and being obliged to return in time to prepare for my journey on the Continent, I was limited to a short period.

I regret I have not the pleasure of seeing you and Elizabeth before my departure—alas, this is impossible now, but trust when we return in May we may find you still in England.

I had letters two days ago from Mrs. Macdonald. She was very lonely and regretted her return to the Rock, as she every moment missed the footsteps of her dear girls, who I must add are uncommonly nice children. The eldest is almost grown up, the second not tall for her age but very clever—so indeed are both. I also heard from Sophy in Ceylon —she with her little flock of two boys and one girl were well. I have had letters as late as the last of November from Mrs. Forsyth, who promises to come home in June and spend the holidays with us and her children.

Dear, ever dear little Gordon—a lovely and

most interesting boy! What an illness did he live through—even after his heart had ceased to beat, and pulse quite gone, he recovered, but apparently without sight or hearing. The very shock was sufficient to annihilate his Angel Mother, but she was spared just long enough to see him again all that her fond heart could wish, though eventually it proved her death. But she died so collected—so tranquil—receiving the Sacrament and trying to look with a smile on her despairing husband, that I hope I may not be presumptuous in saying she is in Heaven. She and Hamilton together. Truly they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided! It is indeed all that consoles me under the sad trial. They are, I trust, enjoying that happiness eye hath not seen, and where suffering and sorrow can never enter. My darlings, they are happy—altho' cold and insensible, my heart still dwells more faithfully in their dear memory, than in all the days of their youth and loveliness.

But I must not longer indulge in this sad subject; indeed my health requires all my firmness to support me, and for the sake of

my dear husband, who is to me a Tower of Strength, I must not give up.

Henry arrived home last September. After the death of his sister he was seriously ill, and it was considered wise he should not remain another Winter in Canada. Since his return he has again consulted Sir Astley Cooper, who has made it plain that he must resign his Commission, for he will always be lame, even though otherwise he may regain his full health. It is partly on his account we leave for France immediately, as we are greatly in hopes a few months spent away from the cold and damp of England may prove beneficial. It seems impossible for him to throw off the depression that has overtaken him since the loss of his adored sister and brother—and to this is added what he calls the disappointment of a ruined Career.

I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear Harriet is living most comfortably on the Continent. Their situation is delightful, in the South on the Sea Coast—a new house they have just taken with a nice garden for our accommodation, where, if it please God, we hope soon to join them. Her husband is

still in New South Wales and I am told he is shortly to be promoted.

I have such a number of letters on my table to reply to, and so many interruptions, that altho' I could tell you many more things I have not time. With my kindest love to my dear niece, James, and yourself, believe me, my dear Arabella, very truly yours,

ANNA SEYMOUR.

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LONDON,
March 13th, 1828.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The vessel which is to take this sails on Saturday, which obliges me to write this evening. I had very nearly determined to take my passage in the *Polar Star*, the same ship which is to convey this, but when it came to the point, to go or not, my heart failed me; and I am now to remain until we can all go together. I am anxious to see you all, but the idea of parting with James and Elizabeth and the children is too much to think of, particularly as there is a probability of their returning to Quebec in the course of the Summer.

Nothing has as yet been done for James at the Colonial Office, although he has paid them repeated visits. It seems that while Lord Bathurst has particular friends of his own to give appointments to, others cannot expect attention, and he is no longer Foreign Secretary, which too makes a difference. But I shall not enter on this business, as I know James has written.

I wrote to John from Falmouth begging that he would make arrangements with some trusty Captain to take me out. At that time James had the offer of an appointment in Tasmania, but has refused it, as he is determined not to go to any more *outlandish* countries. But I fear I must still depend upon him to pay part of my passage home. I am sorry indeed to ask it of him, but I will promise to make his shirts and do everything else for him when I get back. This is certainly promising little, but I am sure his kind heart will not require more.

My uncle sent me in November £20; part of this I shall keep until I hear from John, and if he says I may spend it, I shall do so by making purchases of dresses, stockings, etc., etc., for

you all, as I can do it to much greater advantage in London than you can in America. I hope by this time my last letter has arrived and that I shall get an answer in another month—at all events, beg him to answer this, as I think it probable that we shall not leave England until the return ship, which sails between the middle of May and June—and even should we go before it reaches me, I can request Mr. Bainbridge to return it.

I would have been reduced to 7*s.* 6*d.* if my uncle had not so kindly sent me the above sum. I had only five pounds remaining of my allowance when I arrived here, with which I purchased a silk dress. Having had my Leghorn hat cleaned and trimmed, I can now set myself up in the world again; as before, owing to the long voyage, I was almost reduced to one dress that was fit to appear in. Perhaps I shall venture to spend about ten pounds for myself, but it will be spent carefully and I hope to have very few wants for a year or more. I shall certainly purchase a nice Frizette for you, and can get one for about ten shillings. It is difficult to get them good in Quebec.

As the Watchman is calling—"Past Twelve o'Clock"—it is time that *my wig* was curled. I shall therefore say good night, my dear mother. Believe me, your affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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LONDON,

Friday, April 4th, 1828.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I enclose an Affidavit for you to sign, which Mr. Vacher gave me to send in case he should not have sent one before. I received from him my allowance for this year which amounted to £8 15*s*. 6*d*., the remaining 4*s*. 6*d*. he retained for agency fees. I assure you I was very glad to get it, as James had advanced nearly all of it to me, and I had much pleasure in putting it again in his hands. He has offered to let me have what I want from his purse as long as it holds out, should he not find the bottom of it too soon. But do not think I mean to be extravagant, for I assure you I never spend a penny without considering well beforehand.

We shall certainly not leave England for three months. James finds it absolutely necessary to remain, as his pension is not yet secured,

nor will it be until he can get an answer to a letter to the Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, which only left the Colonial Office to-day. He has therefore taken a small cottage at Hampstead, which we mean to occupy to-morrow evening. It is in the *Vale of Health*, and he has got it on reasonable terms. Even if it were not necessary, he thinks he can live cheaper here than in Quebec.

If any vacancies occur in either of the Canadas, pray lose no time in letting him know, and continue to write to us until we inform you of our coming out, as the chances are that we may be here all Winter. Do not hint this, as I suppose his friends would think him absolutely mad, but he knows his own business best.

We received Margaret's letter and were surprised to hear from it that so few of our letters reached you. James wrote no less than ten between August and January and I sent two or three, but we doubt not that many of them are still in Bainbridge's Office, and that yours to us have shared the same fate. But never mind, it is of little consequence as we are likely to soon see each other again.

Perhaps you will be interested to hear Miss Price was married last Tuesday, April 1st, to Mr. Jinkell! Having met in Quebec, and hearing of her from us in Malta, he lost no time in looking her up on his return to England. We were invited to the Wedding, but did not go. There were eight hundredweight of cake!—it cost a hundred pounds and was most delicious. We had a large slice of plum and plain. I am told Mr. Price was quite overcome at the Marriage (he told James the relief to him was greater than words could describe), and the Bride threw herself into the Bishop's arms after they returned from Church, and begged him to pray for her. She then clasped her hands, threw up her eyes, and prayed herself that she might be supported! This seems to me a strange proceeding. Truly she chose an auspicious day for the Ceremony, and I doubt not but that the motherly bosom of the Bishop's Lady was moist with the tears of the trembling *Jingle*.

With love to all, believe me, my dear mother, your affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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VALE OF HEALTH, HAMPSTEAD HEATH,
May 11th, 1828.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—I received yours of April 5th on the 6th instant. We had previously almost decided on going out with Captain Hendrick, but as James feels confident that the only way to gain anything is by remaining on the spot and occasionally jogging their memories at the Colonial Office, I fear we must give up the idea, which we had fondly indulged, of seeing you this Summer. It is a disappointment to us all, but as our brother's future interest depends upon it, of course we must yield with as good a grace as possible. We all know that it would be excessively disagreeable to him to go out to Quebec without any appointment, particularly as it is generally known that he applied for any suitable vacancy. He says all the tribe of upstarts would crow, and I dare say *others* would join in a Cock-a-doodle-doo with as hearty a clap of the wings as any of them!

In consequence of seeing by the paper that there has been a disturbance in Canada among the Judges, and that one of them has been suspended, he has gone this morning to Downing

Street to lay his claims in case of a vacancy. This, you see, is the great advantage which he has by being in England, as the chances are, even if the persons who hold these situations are still permitted to do so, that something may occur in the course of a few months that will be equally, if not more desirable, and he will at least have the option of asking for it.

I have not much remaining of the £20 my uncle gave me, as I have purchased two coloured dresses, shoes, stockings, cotton for night gowns, and a Tortoise shell comb. You will see by this long list that my fortune is diminished, and in addition to this my washing, with the greatest care, costs me a shilling and a half a week!

I am sorry I cannot get a Muff and Tippet, not for myself, but for my dear mother. We have asked the price at different shops, and I could get a very handsome round Tippet of Chinch Chilli (pronounced chin chilly) for £3 10*s*. and a Muff of the same at the same price. Squirrel fur looks well at first, but is not so lasting—a Muff and Tippet of this would only cost £3 10*s*. The former would last ten years, and the latter only four or five.

I wish when you draw your allowance that you would allow me to spend part of it for you. I will give you the prices of different articles and you will be able to judge what will be the advantage. Linen as good as my brothers would wish for common use, at 2*s*. 8*d*.; very handsome for 3*s*. 3*d*. per yard and a yard wide. Cotton for night gowns like the pattern enclosed, 9½d. per yard; finer for slips, 10*d*. and 11*d*. Bobbin nett for caps, five quarters wide, 4*s*. 4*d*. per yard. Quilling nett, two inches wide, 5*d*. and 6*d*. Nice warm wove woollen waist coats for my brothers, 4*s*. 10*d*. each. Cambric pocket handkerchiefs, 2*s*. 4*d*. each. Long lawn, 2*s*. 2*d*. per yard. Bombazett, 1*s*. 2*d*. per yard. French Merino, which would make handsome and warm Winter dresses for you all, at 2*s*. 10*d*. I have sent a pattern of a black one of Elizabeth's. I bespoke a blue one like it for myself, but was obliged to counter-order it as I found I could not afford it. Ten yards and a half makes a dress; they are of all colours.

You will also find a piece of a Battiste dress; 5*s*. 9*d*. will buy a complete dress—there are a great variety of them. Very handsome coloured

muslin dresses for 22*s.* each. Stockings, 2*s.* 2*d.* per pair. Gentlemen's cotton night caps, 6*d.* each. Ladies' Gloves, 1*s.* 2*d.* per pair. Rich silk velvet for bonnets, 9*s.* 6*d.* a yard. You had better let me bring enough for four bonnets; seven yards will make them, and we will *cut a dash* next Winter.

I am deeply interested in your preparations for your Marriage and wish continually I were near to give you a helping hand, and hope I may yet be with you before your wedding. Your most loving sister,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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VALE OF HEALTH, HAMPSTEAD HEATH,
Tuesday, June 3rd, 1828.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have snatched up my pen to write you a few hurried lines to tell you I may return home by the next ship sailing to Quebec—that is, if there are any among the passengers we know who will undertake the burden of caring for me.

James came home this evening from the Colonial Office in better spirits than for many a long day, and from all he says I feel it would

be wise for me to make my plans quite independent of him, for he has about made up his mind to reside in England permanently, and take up the practice of Law in London.

He has seen the new Minister, Sir George Murray, who has ordered his pension is to be paid, and also given him much reason to believe a prosperous future awaits him if he remains here. I had hopes he would get some appointment in Quebec and dwell amongst us, but we must be thankful that he is so well content. There is great satisfaction in knowing that his wrongs are redressed, and that he has friends in England—if not in America! Sir George Murray, from the first, expressed a wish to serve him, but as his desire was to have an appointment in one of the Canadas, of course nothing could be done until one occurred, and that may not be for a long time.

We are expecting a visit to-morrow from Sir William and Lady Seymour. It is an ordeal to meet them again, though one's consideration must be for them alone.

Tell John that I do not know how I shall ever repay him for all his kindness. To-day James received his letter with the order for

£10 enclosed for me. I have a great deal to do as I shall probably sail within a month. We all join in love. Believe me, your very affectionate daughter,

ARABELLA MARY STUART.

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Postscript from James Stuart.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You will be ready to say I write to you only when Arabella permits me space, but I am aware all my letters to John are shared with you, and that you do not feel neglected.

I know how well you understand the anxieties that have burdened me since the Autumn of last year—more than six months—and therefore you will rejoice that I am at length in a position to tell you I trust we may soon again be comfortably settled.

Had the Duke of Wellington drummed old Huskisson[1] out of the Ministry a few weeks sooner, I have no doubt I might have returned to you before now with the dignity of a Judgeship. Huskisson treated me extremely

[1] Mr. Huskisson had succeeded Lord Bathurst in 1827 as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and early in 1828 was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

ill, refusing to interest himself in my affairs. The man is adamant, and I have never yet come in contact with him but have been possessed with the sensation of being battered as if thrown against a stone wall. He has met with his just deserts in being turned out of the Ministry in the manner it was done by the Duke. It seems to give very general satisfaction in England. You will see a full account of it in all the English papers.

I have had an interview with Sir George Murray,[1] and feel he is disposed to do what he can for me. He has ordered my pension to be paid immediately, and as soon as I hear from Malta I shall get it *officially settled*, so that I need no longer fear being deprived of it. If that worthless fellow Huskisson had remained Minister, I doubt whether I should ever have received it at all, and by his refusing payment I have been almost reduced to my last shilling.

I will now tell you an absolute secret—there

[1] Sir George Murray was a gallant British general and Governor of the Canadas, 1812–1815. He was appointed Secretary for the Colonies in May 1828, succeeding Mr. Huskisson.

is at the present moment under consideration at the Colonial Office the appointment of a Chief Justice to one of the British American Provinces, and if all goes well there is every probability that the honour will be conferred upon me. But as nothing is yet decided I wish you to know the project uppermost in my mind if this should fail to materialize. With my pension assured, I can now consider an offer made me some weeks ago to become Junior Partner in a law firm of good standing and repute, where my knowledge of America and experience in Malta will be regarded as decided assets. I have every reason to believe an assured future awaits me if I accept this proposal. The great drawback is our continued separation from you. But I have a vision a new era is upon us, and the Great Seas will soon be bridged by ships no longer dependent upon the Winds, and such improvements and new inventions made that we shall cross the Atlantic before many years pass under the power of steam alone. Would that this were already accomplished, and the one great obstacle to our remaining here would be removed!

England is at its best now with the Summer upon us. The children grow and flourish as never before, though Arabella is slow in regaining the health and spirits of which she appeared so sadly bereft a few months past.

I met Sir William Seymour in town to-day. He, with Lady Seymour and their son, had arrived from the Continent, and the two former are spending several days in London before continuing their journey to Bath. They expressed deep interest in our affairs, but somehow had got an idea Arabella was about to be married to one of her admirers met in Malta! To-morrow they plan a visit to us, the expectation of which has caused no small excitement in our family circle.

Should I finally decide to remain here, have no fear for Arabella, as I shall see she makes her journey to America in the company of friends, and under the care of a trusty Captain. All our letters now seem to come to hand, but there has been great knavery somewhere about letters formerly. With our united love to all. Your affectionate son,

JAMES STANHOPE STUART.

A Moonlight Sonata

From the Diary.

Valehurst,
Friday Evening, June 6th, 1828.

I last wrote in you, little book, in Malta, and when I read the words I realize the poor, weak creature I then was, and hope I have since learned to think less of self and more of others. I am too restless to sleep though this has been a long, long day, and with my travels so nearly over, I can afford to be extravagant and write all I wish till I cover the last blank page!

I am at Valehurst once more. On Wednesday Sir William and Lady Seymour made their expected visit. I spent every hour of the day until they arrived possessed by a spirit of dread and apprehension. Why I do not know, for now, looking back, how could I have expected either to be in any way different from what they were? They drove to the door, and alighted, and entered our little cottage so quietly and calmly no one, in ignorance of the truth, could have supposed they were enduring so heavy an affliction. Lady Seymour's deep

mourning made her appearance more delicate, but her expression has lost none of its sweetness—and Sir William beside her, as straight as of old, his eye as bright and his voice as cheery. But there are lines about his eyes and mouth that were not there when last I saw him. As I looked at them both I could but feel myself a poor, miserable coward!

I begin to believe I do not understand my own self—for why should my self control have forsaken me? Tears blinded my eyes, and though I tried to speak as would be expected, the words would not come, and I sat like the veriest school girl, awkward and dumb! Then Sir William sat himself beside me and placed his hand upon mine, and with his touch my strength returned.

They brought gifts for the children—indeed, their thoughts seemed entirely for us, and they shewed so deep an interest in enquiring and hearing of our experiences we could scarce make opportunity to ask for themselves.

When the time arrived for their departure, to my astonishment Lady Seymour begged Elizabeth, as a great favour, to permit me to

return with her to Bath. I said it would be *impossible* !—but what I had to say seemed of small account, and in the course of a few moments such plans were made for me as I might well have called impossible an hour earlier ! The next day I was to accompany James to Town, join the Seymours at their lodgings, and be prepared to start the following morning for Valehurst ! I know I never could have consented if it were not that no one, looking at them, and realizing their brave efforts to hide their suffering beneath a manner so full of courtesy and consideration for others, could refuse them any wish they might express.

We started at half past seven this morning. Sir William had taken two seats in the inside of the Coach and two on the outside, and it was arranged, that as long as I wished I might ride on the outside by him, and change with Lady Seymour's maid when ever I grew tired. It seemed a little selfish to leave Lady Seymour, but she declared it would only tire her to talk, and promised to let me know the very moment she wished for company.

And I have enjoyed the journey. At times

my thoughts would drift away to my first drive by Stage in England—just five years ago—and then to the day two months later when James and I had covered this same road, and I had felt like a little Cinderella, off on an adventure that must end in Romance!

To-day the time could not be dull with a companion who knew every inch of the way—one anecdote after another I listened to. A legend of an old house—history made in another—This the abode of one whose name has been familiar since my schooldays—Here a ghost story—There the spot where Fairies dance at night. Such gardens, and trees, and hedges! Every face we passed bore a smile. The great Mansions bestowed an air of prosperous and condescending hospitality—the little Houses beamed a welcome—while the quaint Cottages with their thatched roofs—each seemed to possess a broad laughing face, that should by rights belong to some whimsical goblin, with a mystic foreknowledge of all that is about to happen, full of mirth because of his droll secrets. The beautiful Acacias, gracefully swaying, like lovely ladies bowing and waving their sweetly scented handkerchiefs

of lace. Roses racing with the honeysuckle in the climb for the topmost peak of the trellis and first view of all newcomers—the winner to tumble back and hang downwards to whisper encouragement to his less sturdy brothers. The tall flowers nodding their dainty heads, the tiny ones peeping and winking. Little children playing on the bleaching greens—Gambling lambs and other baby creatures—Gay butterflies—Birds trilling their songs, and above, the great Sky—more fathomless than the mighty Ocean, yet stretching over all a charming canopy of blue.

It seemed to me, in this region—amidst such joy in living—trouble must be unknown. And yet again the thought that Winter was only a few months passed, when the trees were bare—the ground barren—the poor flowers dead, and hope seemingly gone. But here was new Life—new Energy—new Ambition, and the Cold, the Greyness—even *Death*—all forgotten. If the chill of Winter brings forth an Earthly Paradise like this, why, oh why, should we fear the chill of Death?

Notwithstanding it all I felt tired and depressed when we reached our destination.

We were at Bath by seven o'clock, and there the Chaise met us and soon brought us here. But none of the eager and joyous anticipation that possessed me on my first visit is with me now. It was a relief, when, after partaking of refreshment, Lady Seymour suggested I should follow her example and immediately retire.

I have not seen Henry. Business had taken him to Bristol and he had not returned when we arrived, but I hear the murmur of voices in the room below and know they are his and his father's. They seem to have much to say to one another. My mind is firmly made up to refer to nothing that has ever passed between us, during the short time I am here. I will speak of the weather—the crops—and politics—and the discomforts of travelling. Indeed with all my experiences, and the many interesting people I have met, I will not lack for subjects to converse upon!

And now I am seated by the wide casement overlooking the garden, writing by the light of the Moon. Soon I will be home again! The same peaceful Moon, the same still night; and my life will slip along quietly day after

day, with its little worries and pleasures—its little perplexities and duties. I must step aside and let the dear younger sisters be the centre of gaiety, but why should I have any dread of this? If my life is to be like a quiet night such as this, surely there are advantages. I will have thoughts that could never be mine in the rush and liveliness of the gay world. In the bright daylight can the skies be half so beautiful?—no smiling Moon—no brilliant twinkling Stars!—but oh, my little Ann—your Arabella *Loves the Sunshine*!

I see the white flowers now, standing out against the green—the fragrance of the roses reaches me—and I can scarcely wait for the Sun to rise, when I mean to be up and out amongst them all, while the dew is still upon them.

"Sicut erat in Principio"

I have left myself but two pages—and why, my little Ann, with scarcely time to write to my dear mother, and the hours to be counted before my new life begins, and I the only one of all our family to remain in old England,

should I give moments to scribbling in your wee Diary? But these blank pages remain, demanding that I tell them the end of the Story, and I seem to hear your voice asking questions—asking questions. I never have disappointed you, so for the *last time*, my confidence—for now there is another to listen to all my innermost thoughts, and the little diary will soon be tucked away and quite forgotten.

Early in the morning of the day after I returned to sweet, lovely Valehurst, I arose with the lark—indeed, his song awakened me. I dressed so quietly none could have heard, and crept down the stairs. Only the servants about, but the door was open and with no difficulty I made my way to the garden. Oh, so enchanting and fair! Roses and lilies, heart's ease and larkspur, the blue bell and the daisy!—Such scented heliotrope and mignonette and violets and wallflowers!—I cannot name them all, but each floweret sweeter than the last!—and I seated myself in the little arbour to feast my eyes, and my *nose*, and listen to the Birds!

Then I heard footsteps—an uneven step,

and the click of a stick, and a voice I knew humming a little song, and the words of that song:

> Oh, my Luve's like a red, red rose
> That's newly sprung in June.

Little Ann, my heart stopped beating! But I remembered my resolution of the night before, and when a voice called "The top of the morning to you, Mademoiselle," the words were ready on my lips, and I opened my mouth to say, "'Tis a cool and pleasant day"—and then the miracle happened—my lips, my tongue turned rebels—they refused to obey, and in astonishment I heard myself crying, "Henry, how could you believe the Primrose flourished on the Island of Malta?" . . .

And this is all—in one moment all misunderstandings were cleared away—all doubts removed, and happiness was ours, ours for evermore!

> And I will come again, my Luve,
> Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

And when this blessed hour was over, as we trod the garden path, my dear Henry cut and placed in my hand so perfect a Rose as I never

before had seen. I remembered, my little Ann, all the teaching of our Mother, and my conscience told me a Violet I should search for and give in return. But the *modest things* had hid from sight!—and instead, I found Forget-me-nots, blue, *blue*, and they spoke true!

ARABELLA MARY.

"*In Sæcula Sæculorum.*"

THE END

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